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MARCH, 1914

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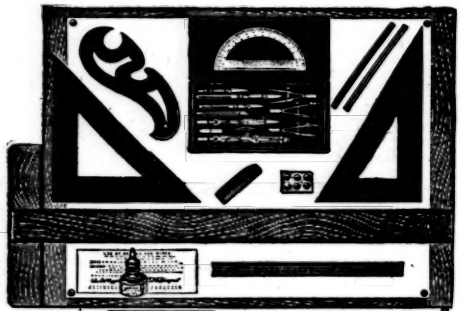

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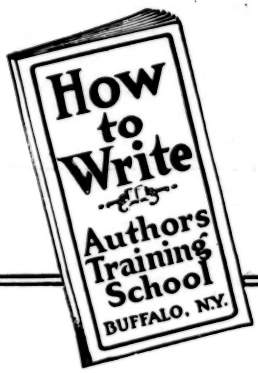

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MARCH, 1914

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OFFICE PURRS

THE BLACK CAT is devoted to original, unusual, fascinating stories—every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *stories that are stories*, and it pays not by length, but by strength. Manuscripts should be addressed to Editorial Dept., The Black Cat, Salem, Mass., and must be accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return if unavailable. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

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Humor and Bravery?

Some sage once remarked that humor was a matter of nationality. We are inclined to agree with him. To our way of thinking it explains the absence of humor in American magazines. An editor must indeed be a brave man who publishes a story, labeled humorous, in a magazine that is bought and read by the cosmopolitan population that goes to make up these United States. The diversity of opinion invited is appalling. Without going out of our immediate family consider our English cousins. The humor of "Punch" has been a standard American joke for generations but unless we have been greatly deceived this famous magazine is considered "jolly funny" across the Pond.

Without boasting a greater degree of bravery than the average man we make so bold as to state that in this number of The Black Cat there are a couple (saving ambiguity!) truly and really funny stories. We will even go so far as to name one of them—a step which we are certain will invite scorn from some quarters. The story on which we will stake our reputation as a judge of humor is "The Snorers." We may as well out with the whole shameful truth —we laughed right out loud when we read it—no mean accomplishment for any story, we assure you!

The Black Cat has a good record for humorous stories. We hope to live up to this record and if possible, improve our reputation for rib-tickling yarns. But as we have endeavored to show you the search for funny stories is a hard one, you must bear with us. You must not expect us to ring the bell every time. As we have gently pointed out, the question of humor could involve the nations of the world in war. No doubt some keen witt could prove even greater and finer sub-divisions of humor than nationality which would still further add to the complexities of the question.

While in this intimate frame of mind we might just as well speak of something we have had in mind for some time and up to date lacked the courage to express. The dream of all Publishers is that their readers will recommend the magazine to their friends. This is the best possible kind of advertising.

If a producer has a play "the people talk about" he knows the success of his venture is assured. By the same token if the readers of a magazine recommend it to their friends an increased circulation is the immediate and certain result. You will be doing us a good turn, of that there is no question. You will also enable us to give you a bigger and better magazine. So we will both be benefited. We will warmly appreciate your action and so will your friends who will come to know the fun and entertainment of a monthly acquaintance with "the cleverest short story magazine in America."

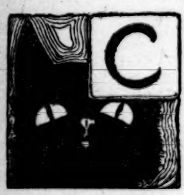
The Black Cat

VOL. XIX MARCH, 1914 No. 6

No Salvage

BY CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH

The rush of fear that chills the blood and tests men's souls is here told in a big, gripping, modern sea story. In crises like the one portrayed in this yarn, we witness the natural division of the sheep and the goats of mankind.



APTAIN Ben Farish walked briskly into the luxurious private office of the youthful president of the Blue Ball Line, slapped his old blue cap upon the polished mahogany desk, dragged up one of the massive leather chairs, and sat down.

"Mornin', Jimmy," he called cheerily. "How's the nearly new and almost noble president?"

Young James Prescott Rothwell did not raise his eyes, but a pink tint of annoyance stole over his face as he bent over the letters he was signing.

"Good morning, Captain Farish," he replied evenly. "I'll be with you in a moment."

The older man, sixty-five, keen-eyed and as tough as an ash oar, started, puzzled.

"Captain Farish?" he repeated inquiringly. "What's the matter with 'Uncle Ben,' Jimmy?"

The young man did not reply, nor did he look up, but calmly continued inscribing his name just above the magic typewritten word, "President," at the bottom of each sheet. Finally he stuck the elaborate pen between his teeth, seized a blotter, and with great care absorbed the superfluous ink from each sheet. Captain Farish looked puzzled, but shrugged his shoulders and glanced with an admiring eye about the luxurious appointments of the room—at the handsome paintings upon the brown-burlapped walls, at the thick, soft rug that covered the parquet floor, at the massive furniture—and gradually a grin stole over his good-humored and weather-beaten features.

"Wonder how your old dad would have liked this," he murmured, half to himself. "Not much like the cabin of the old *Laura,* nor yet like the old place down on South Street. By hokey, when I think of that old place down there and the way it used to smell, I wonder how your old man stood it, Jim. Did you know I got the shippin' clerk to put the captain's old desk—the one with the three legs and the piece of board nailed on where the other ought to have been—away for me? Thought maybe you'd like to have it up at the house." He paused, but the younger man with set features did not reply, and the captain rambled on.

"I mind well how that old desk come to get the leg knocked off it. There was a skipper by the name o' Hansen, a big

whale of a man, that come in there one day an' told your old dad that th' *Laura* had fouled him in the channel and carried away a quarter boat from his schooner, and he wanted forty dollars then and there, and no waitin'. When the old man told him to go to blazes, the Swede slapped his face, and your dad proceeded to clean house with the fellow. The first blow that was struck caught that Swede under the jaw and knocked him fifteen feet. He hit the desk and bein' a big man, cracked the leg off as clean as if you'd sawed it."

Captain Farish laughed silently with great enjoyment, and the young man pushed the letters away from him, looked up quickly, and leaned back in his great swing chair.

"Captain Farish," he said slowly, "I sent for you to tell you that the Blue Ball Line will not require your services after the present down-trip. Your salary will continue until the end of the year, however. When you reach Martinez you will turn the *Acantha* over to Captain Bennington, who will be awaiting you there. I have no doubt you will be glad of the rest after your long years of service."

For some moments the old man stared at young Mr. Rothwell as if unable to believe his senses, but seeing no sign of humor on that coldly precise face before him, he turned slowly red beneath the years of weather stain.

"Do you mean that, Jimmy?" he said slowly and with some difficulty. "You're goin' to give Pete Bennington my ship? Why, he's only a kid. They just gave him his master's ticket last year!"

President Rothwell fixed his visitor with hard eyes.

"I mean it, of course," he said crisply. "I'm not in the habit of talking idly. You're getting old, Captain," he went on a bit more gently, "and I feel we need younger blood in the line. We find there's a number of older men who are not efficient, and it is my desire to weed them out gradually, replacing them with men who are of fewer years. It is the policy of the line hereafter that no man over forty-five shall be in a position of trust." He paused again and glanced out of the window with a certain superciliousness.

"Too much caution has a bad effect upon dividends, Captain. We'll announce that you wish to retire and have handed in your resignation."

The old man sprang up and swept his cap from the desk. Then he leaned forward with blazing eyes.

"Because that dago liner from the Mediterranean ripped our midship plates and laid the old boat up two trips last month?" he demanded suddenly.

The younger man pursed his lips until they formed a thin line, and wrinkled his brows, but he made no answer.

"Answer me, Jimmy Rothwell!" exclaimed the old captain, with a smash of his hard fist upon the desk.

"We feel that occasionally a commander might act with more decision than has sometimes been shown," the new president began, when the irate old man interrupted him with a savage gesture. In an instant he was standing over the immaculate young gentleman whose face had turned pale.

"You do feel that, eh?" the captain exploded. "Jimmy, I come pretty near bringin' you up, after your ma died gettin' you into this here world. That was on the old *Laura*, and your dad wouldn't look at you for two year or more. If it hadn't been that I nursed you, you'd have starved for the weak little brat you was." He paused and breathed heavily, and then his voice took a lower note.

"You know me. You know I was mate with Captain Bill on th' first voyage he made when he'd saved enough to

buy the old schooner, and I was mate with him when he brought your mother aboard for the first time, and we went off down among the islands. I was standin' outside the cabin when you yelped for the first time, an' I never left your old dad until he laid the *Laura* up, when he started the Blue Ball, an' gave me my first ship. That was twenty year ago, Mr. James Prescott Rothwell, and I never calculated to leave his boy, that is, so long as that boy stayed human," he finished abruptly with a steely note in his rough voice.

James Rothwell half started up from his chair.

"I will not permit—" he began stridently, but the old man cut him short with a roar.

"Shut up!" he cried. "You won't permit! You, that I've whaled across my knee more times than I can remember." He laughed hoarsely. "You won't permit, eh?" He leaned down until his keen old eyes looked into the wavering ones of the younger man. "You think I might have acted with more decision, do you? What you mean is that I had the right of way, an' that if either ship was goin' to get rammed you'd want to be d——— sure it wasn't yours, eh? And you know that there was six hundred crazy Italians aboard that liner, an' if I'd hit her 'stead of lettin' her hit me th' way I did there'd have been another steel coffin lyin' on the bottom in less than ten minutes! That was the work you'd want a younger man for, is it? Son, I'm glad the old Captain's gone so he won't know what a white-livered skunk he left behind him. If he'd ever heard you tell any man what you've told me he'd take a rope's end an' teach you some sea manners that somehow has sloughed off while you've been livin' ashore, an' I'm not at all sure that he wouldn't want me to do it for him."

The president of the Blue Ball Line glanced up in quick fright, for across the gap of years came the sudden memory of the heavy, tarry hand that had inculcated morals and discipline on the old schooner. He quickly and surreptitiously jabbed the push button that was set in the edge of the shining desk. The old man saw it and laughed contemptuously.

"Don't be afraid—now," he said, turning away and shouldering the immaculate secretary out of his way as he went. At the door he paused and looked back.

"Bennington can have her, an' act with the kind of decision you an' your breed want!" he snapped savagely, and whipped the door to after him with a jar that shook the steel-framed building. As he neared the front door, Nielson, the traffic manager of the line, called to him.

"Just a moment, Captain!" he cried, and the old fellow turned back. "Mr. Rothwell's going down with you tonight. But I suppose he told you. He's going down to get Mrs. R. and the boy. They'll have A3 on the promenade deck, just aft of your cabin. Thought I'd let you know so you could look after them. The lady won't travel with any other skipper, you know."

He laughed genially, and Captain Farish clenched his hands in the emotion that possessed him. For a moment he stood fighting down his feelings.

'She'll have to after this," he said with an effort. "I'm through after this trip, Nielson. Bennington brings the *Acantha* back." Before the manager could frame a reply he was gone.

He ran up the gang plank to his ship like a boy and went at once to his cabin. The steward came running in answer to his ring.

"Ask Mr. Groome to step here," he said.

When the first officer entered, Captain Farish was pulling off his coat.

"Sit down, Tom," he said shortly. "You'll be interested to hear that I'm through after this trip. I'm telling you because they're givin' the old tub to Pete Bennington, who's just about as fit to run her as he is a grindstone. He's waitin' down at Martinez for her now. She ought to go to Harry Murdock, on the *Aldibran,* and that would give you the *Azalia,* but the young fool gets her."

The other stared in amazement.

"But why, Skipper?" he asked wide-eyed, and the old man whirled on him with cruel agony in his eyes.

"Because I didn't send that infernal *Pietro Marini* to Davy Jones when she scraped us off the Cape, I suppose," he snapped. "At least that's what young Jimmy hinted at. They want a younger man, who might act with more decision, he says." He sat down on a cushioned locker and there was pain in his weather beaten face.

"It's pretty tough, Tommy," he went on with a catch in his voice. "And to get it passed to you like that. An' by—him! Why, I was nurse to that boy, Tom. I brought him up, an' taught him his letters aboard the *Laura.* I made him the first pair of pants he ever owned out of an old lug-sail, an' he used to crawl all over me an' call me 'Uncle Ben.' Why, he never called me anything else but that till this mornin' an' then it was 'Captain Farish.' I taught him navigation and was governess for him. Then the old man sent him off to school, and he used to spend holidays aboard with us. Then he went to Harvard, an'—good Lord!—I remember like it was yesterday when he walked into th' old office down on South Street with the fool clothes an' a window in his eye, an' how th' old man flapped him over his knee. Jimmy took his meals off a capstan head for a week after that. Now he's all mixed up with that society outfit, an' it's ruined him since th' old man went below for keeps. Not but what his wife's a good girl, but she wants eleven forks before she can eat her dinner. An' th' boy's th' livin' image of th' little Jimmie I used to hold on my knees at four year old. He was in here last trip down, askin' th' same questions his daddy asked an' sittin' up there like his daddy did—"

The old man dropped his head into his hands and sat thus for a full minute. Standing up suddenly, he dashed the drops from his eyes and squared his great shoulders.

"I'll come back as a passenger, Tom," he said strangely. "Me, a passenger!"

When the *Acantha* shoved her nose outside the breakwater at Porto Martinez, a heavy gray sea raced swiftly up and slapped her on the port bow with an insistence that sent a shiver through the ship from stem to her earnest propellors, and passed on its way to break in a shower of foam on the heavy stones of the piers. It was the herald of the salt brethren that majestically followed, five to the mile—the great combers that rolled clear across from the other side of the world in their serried ranks of liquid menace. The *Acantha* shivered, hesitated, seemed to take a long breath, and then with a long swaying plunge that buried her sharp bow over the hawse-holes, settled herself down for a long drive up the coast with a comfortable, settled fifteen degree roll and a rhythmic pitch that brought a faint green tinge to the jaws of the passengers who were not on good terms with Father Neptune.

A tall, square-shouldered, wiry man of sixty-odd, with a pair of keen blue eyes that had an alert peering look in them, leaned against the weather rail on the boat deck. He was dressed in a suit of rough tweeds and wore a cap of the same material. His two gnarled

hands gripped the rail and he stared ahead with a certain grimness that held something of affection in it. His lips showed closely set between the gray beard and moustache, and his broad chest heaved slowly. Occasionally his eyes sought the reaches of the bridge above him and forward of where he stood, and a sardonic gleam crept into the keen blue eyes when he caught sight of a blue uniformed figure that paced briskly to and fro upon the structure.

Gradually the daylight faded and the stars began to glimmer from a watery sky that was swept with scurrying wisps of dark cloud. The bugle call for the first meal rang out, and the saloon and cabin ports began to glow with brilliance, but still the old man stood there at the rail, as motionless as the davit near which he leaned. The darkness crept down and still he stood by the rail. Occasionally a steward or a seaman hurrying by glanced curiously at the old man and touched a cap, but he paid no heed. From forward came a thickset figure in blue, and stepping close, laid a hand upon the silent man's arm.

"Going below for a bite of dinner, Captain?" he asked, and gently shook the arm he held. The blue eyes were turned upon him for an instant and the gray head moved negatively from side to side. There was a look of pain in the eyes, too, that bothered the newcomer.

"I'll tell Allison to have something sent up to the cabin for you," the first officer said, but again the older man shook his head.

"No. Let me be, Tom," he replied hoarsely. "I've got to watch her awhile. No one else ever took her out of Martinez but me, and the old ship feels queer about it, I know. Let me be, old friend. I'll turn in after a while, maybe."

The other hesitated, but finally turned away and moved off down the deck. Two hours later he mounted the bridge and looked down on the deck below, and in the darkness, with the faint whiteness of the rushing seas alongside, he saw dimly the great shadow of Captain Farish. He turned away with a sigh and cast a sneering look at the natty figure of the man giving pompous instructions to the quartermaster at the wheel. It was an illuminating tribute to the estimation in which the new skipper was held that the quartermaster solemnly winked at the lookout on the end of the bridge when the skipper turned away. Groome saw it and frowned, but, with the memory of the silent figure on the deck below, he affected not to have seen it.

Two nights in succession the stalwart figure of Captain Farish kept watch and ward just below the sweep of the *Acantha's* bridge. He made no appearance on deck among the passengers in the day time at all. A quiet, dark-eyed lady, who paced the deck with a sturdy boy of four or five at her side, cast anxious glances here and there, and the child asked a thousand questions.

Captain Bennington was of the social order. He rarely missed a meal in the saloon, but sat at the head of his table and kept the chatter going. He spent an hour now and then in the smoke room with the male passengers, and was to be seen gallantly escorting the ladies up and down the deck. The third day out, the dark-eyed lady and the little boy stopped the natty Captain Bennington.

"What has become of Captain Farish?" she asked. "Jimmyboy here insists on seeing him. Do you know, Captain?"

The boy stood sturdily before the skipper and looked into his face.

"What are you doing wiv Uncle Ben's clo's on?" he demanded. "I saw you up zere," indicating the bridge. "Uncle Ben won't let peoples up zere

—only me," he finished gravely.

Captain Bennington flushed slightly, and then smiled as he patted the small head.

"That is my bridge, now, my little man," he said. "This is my ship, too. Your father gave it to me."

The boy looked at him straightly and distrustfully, and stepped back out of reach of the caressing hand.

"I don't believe you," he remarked quietly after a long inspection, and shoving his hands in his diminutive pockets, marched off and through the companion, where he encountered Steward Allison.

"Where's my Uncle Ben?" he demanded insistently. "You show me. I went up to ze chart room but he isn't zere."

Allison looked up and down, then smiled.

"Hush," he whispered. "You go along up that there passage and bang on th' third door you see, an' call out that it's you."

The sturdy little figure walked off and Allison dodged back into the lounge. Ten minutes afterward Mrs. James Prescott Rothwell, happening to glance through an open port of one of the deck cabins, observed her small son seated comfortably on the knee of Captain Ben Farish, who was constructing a paper ship out of a sheet of note paper. Two minutes later she tapped gently upon the cabin door and smiled when it was opened.

"Why I should be shut out, I can't see," she said, holding out her hand. "Surely I'm as old a friend as Jimmy-boy." Again she smiled into the old man's face. "Do I achieve an entrance?"

Captain Farish looked at her earnestly and smiled for the first time in a week.

"Come in," he said, and swung the cabin door wide open.

The president of the Blue Ball Line stood talking to Captain Peter Bennington in the chart room of the *Acantha*. Captain Bennington had smilingly outlined his understanding of a commanding officer's duties.

"Sailoring is a business, as I understand it, Mr. Rothwell," he said. "Being a business, it ought to be conducted upon purely business lines. Satisfy the passengers and the shippers, and the dividends will take care of themselves. A skipper should be a business man, and I feel that the day of the elderly man with the romance of the sea in his brain, is done."

Young Mr. Rothwell smiled genially and laid his hand upon the captain's arm.

"My idea exactly, Captain," he said. "I thought I was not mistaken in you. Age must give way to youth and business. You carry out your ideas and you will have no cause to complain of the treatment the Blue Ball will give you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Captain Bennington. "I have no fear—"

From down in the bowels of the ship there was a dull report, followed instantly by a sibilant roaring sound that was terrifying to unaccustomed ears. Captain Bennington started, and his face turned pale.

"What's that?" cried Rothwell, quickly catching the other by the arm.

"I—I don't know—that is, I'm not sure—" Bennington replied thickly.

Mr. Groome, the first officer, was standing not ten feet away. He glanced curiously at the pair near him and then quietly picked up the engine-room telephone. The noise below died away.

"What was that, Chief?" he asked. "Oh, all right," he went on, hanging up the instrument.

"Gasket blew out of the auxiliary steam line, sir," he reported, and went out on the bridge. From there he glanced back occasionally into the chart room, and there was a deep line between his

eyes that had never been there in the years he had served under Captain Farish. It was the questioning doubt of one man for the wholeness of the other.

That night Captain Farish heard eight bells strike out in the darkness and leaned again upon the weather rail of the old *Acantha*. The heavy seas raced up out of the darkness, their hissing tops showing faintly white against the surrounding blackness. The old man sighed and strained his eyes ahead. Suddenly, above the singing of the wind and the noise of the smashing waves, he heard a faint hail and pricked up his ears. There was an answering hail from the bridge, and then a strident shout. On the instant he heard Bennington's somewhat shrill voice and the running of footsteps upon the bridge. There was a terrific blast of the whistle and chorus of wild shouts, and before Captain Farish could move there was a slowly crunching, smashing blow that seemed to grind into the very shivering vitals of the *Acantha*. The ship heeled over and still over. There was a screaming of riven plates and rivets, the ripping of wood and the falling of gear, the rending sounds that go with torn metal, and the awful shaking of the ship.

Her engines still drove her remorselessly ahead, and the smashing and tearing of her wounded side made a terrifying babel of sound. From below there came screams of fright, shouts of men trying to quiet panic-stricken passengers, and the racing feet of the men who hurried to the point of disaster. At the first impact Captain Farish had sprung around the deck and was thrown heavily backward by a piece of smashed timber that struck him on the shoulder. Looking quickly aloft he saw Bennington, white-faced and terror-stricken, leaning over the bridge rail, screaming useless questions at some dark figures on the forecastle below.

Captain Farish picked himself up and peered into the smother before him. A hulking black shape that resolved itself into a six masted schooner was grinding, a mass of broken timber, in the wounded side of the *Acantha*. As the big ship forged ahead, the schooner, which had evidently come driving down upon the steamer's bow from leeward, swung around with a further rending of her shattered bow. The smashing, grinding uproar continued, and with a final heave, much like a dog shaking himself free of a clinging enemy, the *Acantha* tore herself away from the schooner and rolled ahead with a terrific tearing of timbers. The schooner dropped back, and in the faint light from the deck lanterns of the steamer, and from her port-side light which stained the scene a dull red, Captain Farish could see that the whole bow of the wooden vessel had been ground and torn away, leaving a vast, cavernous opening into which the sea was rushing like a mill race. Even as he gazed the wreck sank lower and lower in the water. From her decks came the cry of doomed men, and as she disappeared in the darkness astern, the engine-room telegraph of the *Acantha* clanged below. On the bridge the old man caught a glimpse of the first officer, half clad, but cool and collected, with his hand on the telegraph handle.

Astern there came a terrific wail that cut the darkness, and then a tense silence. With a catch at his heart that ended in a sob Farish knew that the schooner had disappeared, taking with her the only men afloat who could tell why she had run down and rammed the great steamer.

Up from below poured the frightened passengers in all stages of undress. Stewards and officers ran about among them endeavoring to quell the tumult, and Captain Farish felt rather than saw that panic had seized upon the ship. He

knew that Captain Bennington had lost his head completely and was issuing conflicting orders that only served to increase the confusion. Groome strove hard to bring order out of the chaos that was beginning to reign, but he was handicapped by the law of the sea which makes the captain king aboard his ship. The *Acantha* was listed somewhat to port, and down by the bow. Captain Bennington thrust his white face over the port-bridge rail, stared anxiously and affrighted at the wreck below him, and screamed an order.

"Out boats!" he cried. "Pass the word for boat stations!"

Captain Farish saw Groome catch at his commander and try to show him that the time for abandoning ship had not arrived, but the man thrust him aside furiously and reiterated his orders. His fear spread instantly to the affrighted crowds below him, who on the moment began a rush for the boats. Of the scene that followed those who partook of it had never a clear vision or remembrance. Farish found himself standing at the rent side of the ship with the carpenter who had come up to report that while she was taking water, but two of the forward compartments had been opened, and that if the bulkheads held there was no danger. He shoved the man toward the bridge.

"Tell him!" he cried. "For God's sake tell him there is no danger!"

He saw the carpenter make his way to where the frenzied captain was hurling wild orders right and left, and cry his news. He saw the momentary pause, and the disbelief in Bennington's face, and he saw him strike the carpenter to one side. Groome threw up his hand in a gesture of despair and drawing a revolver from his pocket sprang below to clear a space about the first boat he came to. Farish, with a deep groan of despair at the folly of it all, turned to render what aid he could and found himself beside President Rothwell, who, with his wife and child beside him, was shoving a frenzied way to the number 4 boat on the starboard side.

"Jimmy!" cried Captain Farish. "Stop it, man! There's no danger, I tell you! That coward up there will have the souls of everyone aboard on his conscience in half an hour if you don't stop him!"

Rothwell looked at him crazily, and a desperate fear shone in his wild eyes.

"He knows! He knows!" he gasped. "Get me aboard a boat, Captain! I'll give you ten thousand dollars to get me aboard a boat!"

There was the hoarse note of a siren that boomed even above the roar of the *Acantha's* exhaust pipes, and down to leeward shone the myriad lights of a liner. The sound caught Bennington's frenzied ear, and seizing the whistle cord he sent a distress call screaming over the waves. Captain Farish stopped suddenly, and a grim smile came to his face. Stepping to the side of the ship he looked over. There was a considerable sea still running, but nothing dangerous. The *Acantha* was fairly steady.

Fifteen minutes later the sea was dotted with the boats of the *Acantha* and those of the *Vulcan,* the steamer that had come up. Bennington had made his wireless operator send a distress call, and the *Vulcan's* skipper, knowing nothing of the actual condition of affairs, but that a ship was in distress and lives apparently in danger, called away his boats like the brave alert seaman that he was, and proceeded to take the passengers off.

Dawn was beginning to break over the horizon's edge when the last of the boats pulled away from the rolling *Acantha,* now deep down by the head. Captain Bennington had dropped hur-

riedly into the third boat away, and just before he slid down the falls Captain Farish had seen him throw his cap aside and remove his uniform coat. The sight nauseated him. Mrs. Rothwell stood at his side as he turned away.

"The coward!" she breathed, and looked into Farish's drawn face, then laid her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me, is there great danger?" she asked.

He laughed shortly.

"If I was in command I'd forbid a man or woman to leave the ship," he said shortly.

"But Jimmy says—" she began, and stopped with a flush.

"There is no danger," he reiterated quietly. "Still, you must go with him, of course."

"Helen! Helen!" cried a frenzied voice in the shadows, and President Rothwell dashed up and clutched his wife by the arm. "Here! Hurry! Hurry! In this boat!"

He dragged her away in his terror, and Farish saw him force her into a boat already well filled. She turned to ask him an anxious question, and Farish could see him give her a hasty assurance. The order was given and the falls were loosed, while the boat dropped away down the sixty towering feet of the sheer side of the *Acantha* with the men fending it off from the ship's side as it slid down toward the tumbling waters below.

Contemptuously Captain Farish watched the last boat-load pull away in the faint light, laughed grimly to himself as he saw it hoisted up the side of the waiting *Vulcan*, and gripped his hands with rage as the great ship gathered way and resumed her course to the south.

He turned with a sob of disgust to find Groome, his face cut and scratched and his uniform in rags, standing behind him, with tears in his eyes. He started, then put out his hand quickly and gripped that of the first officer. For a moment they stared into each other's eyes and then grinned understandingly. There was a shuffling above them.

"He'yo!" said a rather faint small voice, and both men looked up to see a pathetically small figure in a long night dress peering through the rails of the bridge. "Say, what'll we do now, Uncle Ben?" the figure demanded.

Captain Farish was up the bridge ladder in two bounds, and there was a wonderful light in his eyes as he caught the boy up in his great arms and tossed him aloft.

"Do?" he cried with a roar of joy. "Do?" he reiterated. "Why, we'll take the old hooker in to port an' ask no odds of any man, help either!"

There was a frantic woman aboard the *Vulcan* shortly after the last boat had been hoisted up her side—a woman who had lost the treasure of her heart, a four-year old boy, and her only child. The ship's doctor had his hands full from then on until the *Vulcan* berthed at Havana, where the woman, a wild, grief-stricken wreck of herself, was taken ashore, clinging, fighting hysterically, and demanding to be taken back to where her little child had gone down.

The story was well told, and not a word of Captain Bennington or his conduct ever reached the public. The passengers did not see, and the officers to whom his panic had communicated itself could not accuse him. Two days the story lasted, and the skipper of the *Vulcan* was the recipient, and justly, of the praise that was lavishly bestowed. Then the matter was dropped from the public prints and slipped back into the history of the sea. The *Acantha* was written off the marine register, and only

one solitary word followed her name: "Foundered."

There is a marine observatory that holds a very keen-eyed man with a pair of excellent binoculars ready to his hand at a point quite close to Cape Henry, and he had been lazily preparing himself to turn over his watch to his comrade when the sun began to show redly above the watery horizon to the eastward. He yawned and glanced at the calendar, which showed that four days had elapsed since the *Acantha* had slid out of the *Vulcan's* view. Tom Terry had been reading the latest account in the *New York Herald,* and he raised his eyes to see a drift of smoke across the sky. Perfunctorily he picked up the glasses at his hand and focussed them upon the slowly approaching ship.

"Um," he muttered. "Too far off yet, but she looks like one of the Blue Ball boats."

He bent his eyes again on the *Herald.* The sun had risen and the sea was glittering with its radiance when he looked up again. The big steamer he could now see was well down by the head and was moving slowly. From the Roads two tugs and a pilot boat sped out toward the newcomer. Suddenly Terry dropped his paper and strained his eyes through the glasses.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "It's the *Acantha!* I'd know that raking oval funnel of hers in hades!"

For an instant wonderment and amazement overcame him, and then he fell upon his telegraph key. An instant later the world began to learn that the lost *Acantha* was limping home between the Capes and that she seemed able to weather more of the Atlantic swells.

To the pilot who stepped aboard to find two weary, dragged-out men with blear eyes, and grimy hands and clothes, standing at the gangway amid a litter of smashed and splintered plates and tackle, they said in reply to his question of astonishment:

"She's all right. Take her in!"

The pilot peered at them wonderingly, then turned to Captain Ben.

"Is your name Farish?" he asked. And when the old man had nodded, he put forth his hand. "I'm proud to know a *man,*" he said. "There'll be a pretty bit of salvage here for you two."

Captain Farish grinned and turned aside. From around the corner of the deck house came a small figure in a dirty white sailor suit, wearing the cap —miles too large—of a captain of the Blue Ball Line. This diminutive figure lined up beside the old skipper and saluted the pilot gravely. The pilot looked inquiringly at the captain, who nodded soberly at him.

"There'll be no salvage here, my lad," he said. "We've got one of the owners aboard."

An hour later a special train was hurrying a praying, thankful, weeping woman northward to where the said owner was eating ice cream in a large hotel dining room and assuring an admiring horde of reporters that not only had Captain Benjamin Farish not resigned as commodore of the Blue Ball Line, but that he was not going to resign, either, but was going to stay right on the job, and that he, the said owner—aged four—had the utmost, perfect, and sincere confidence in him, and he would now have some more ice cream.

The Soul in the Violin

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

In the lonely silence of a ravine in the Kentucky Mountains, two men fight a weird battle for a girl—with a violin!

HE people who had contracted to put a line of railroad through a certain section of the Kentucky mountains by a certain day had not given Big Gorge due consideration. This chasm defied one expert civil engineer and sent him home in the grip of a fever, and it seemed that human ingenuity had indeed been baffled. Numbers came in answer to an advertisement calling for a competent man, but their recommendations were insufficient or their achievements too slight to entrust them with this important work.

Then at last came Paul Rassiner, lounging into the office of the construction company one afternoon in shirt waist and straw hat, a bull-dog pipe in his mouth and a light bamboo walking stick in his hand. The manager eyed him distrustfully. He was in no mood to fool with dandies. The days were speeding by, and work which meant thousands of dollars to him was hung up—all for want of a single man.

"Howdy!" said the broad shouldered stranger, throwing his leg over the edge of the desk before him and pulling leisurely on his pipe.

"Mornin'!" was the gruff, hasty response, and the man at the desk began to shuffle papers in an irritated way.

The caller seemed in no hurry to declare his errand. He swung his feet and smoked placidly.

"I'll have to ask you to be quick with your business!" jerked out the man in the chair, drumming nervously with his fingers.

"All right. It's quickly told. I've come to build your bridge." His voice was low, almost flippant.

The man pushed his chair back and half rose, with his hands grasping its arms.

"What!" he burst out. "You?"

"I."

The manager jumped up, very red.

"I've had all sorts come to me but—"

He eyed the immaculate shirt waist and the new straw hat in open disgust.

The caller was not affronted. He even smiled a little as he answered, good-naturedly, "I reckon you don't know me. It makes a lot o' difference when a fellow's known, you see."

He drew a card from his pocket and handed it to the glowering man facing him.

The manager took it because it was almost under his nose and he couldn't help it. When he read the name the card dropped, his face underwent a lightning change, and he seemed about to collapse.

"*You*!" he burst forth, but the word held a different intonation. This "you" was full of respect, almost homage, and the eyes of the man who spoke it wandered anew over the face and form of his caller, as though he could not accept their evidence.

"Are *you* the fellow who hung that

suspension bridge over Deer Run when there wasn't anything to hang it on? And made that grade around Lost Mountain when the whole world had given up? Are *you* that fellow?"

"I am that fellow."

"The hell you are!" said the manager of the construction company.

The result of that afternoon's conference was that Paul Rassiner went out to Big Gorge with instructions to use all his skill and the material provided, to get the bridge over the chasm as quickly as he could. He took his violin with him for the chances were he would find it pretty lonely out there with no companionship. He was a man of aesthetic tastes and would not mingle socially with the laborers over whom he had charge.

As everyone knows, an accomplished musician is seldom fitted for anything else. When I say an accomplished musician, I really mean a musical genius. Such an one almost invariably develops abnormally. The stroke which made him a genius at the same time robbed him of those perceptions which make for a well balanced temperament, and shorn of the exercise of this one gift, he becomes a clod. In some mysterious way Paul Rassiner had escaped the blight. He quickly became one of the foremost civil engineers of the day, getting results which brought amazement to his contemporaries. Music was his pleasure and his relaxation. Nothing was too difficult for him. Scores from the masters of the past formed his favorite themes and he reveled in their execution. His sense of morality and the ethics of good society were almost zero, minus. It was a curse, nothing less, and coupled with his heavenly gift, made him a bizarre personality. He lived carelessly, drank some, and enjoyed each day to the fullest measure possible. He made money. He could have piled it up on the stage, but he preferred the open, preferred to fight his way through a stretch of primeval forest or mountain, burrow through the earth to make a tunnel or circle its hills with twin rails of steel, then go to his tent and play a fugue from Bach to celebrate his triumph. Later he would like as not sink himself in some form of vice just out of sheer carelessness of his body's or his soul's welfare.

Men liked him—all sorts of men. His social equals thought him a fine fellow and would go to pains to get in his company. Laborers liked him, but he ignored this class pretty much except when it became necessary to issue an order or make a request; yet he had the respect of these men, too. They respected him because he could do things. His violin had its share in his conquest of his workers. They could make nothing of the outlandish, heathenish stuff he played at night off in his tent, alone, but there were portions of it which crept into their rough breasts—deep down to where their souls were— and started to life emotions which they could not in the least understand.

So it was with the crew at Big Gorge. Rassiner came with his clean shirt waist, his bull-dog pipe, and his violin, to conquer Nature. Those who did not know him by sight or reputation wondered why anybody had sent that soft-skinned society fellow out there to do a man's work. But the opinion of such quickly changed. From the first day, the new boss started right. His predecessor had failed to grasp the salient points in the work. He had not seen that the passing of Big Gorge required invention; that fresh methods had to be created, and not old ones followed.

Paul arrived on the scene about noon and immediately went over the ground. By twilight he was in possession of the secret which had baffled the other engineer. He had been at the bottom of

the chasm for an hour or more, viewing the stone buttresses which had been reared against either wall and planning certain reenforcements which would become absolutely necessary during the rainy season. He had walked up the bed of the now dry stream for quite a distance, to draw with his mind the vision of his completed work, when he chanced to spy a cabin tucked away in a fold of the hills, high up, where the side of the gorge broke away and became part of an irregular mountain slope. Thin wreaths of smoke were coming from the crude chimney, but he saw no one.

As he stood staring at the lonely habitation, he became conscious of a movement near him. He turned, and saw a girl almost at his side. In her right hand she bore a pail full of water, which she had just dipped from a spring close by. She turned her head now and then to look at him, not in flirtation but in obedience to the innate instinct of curiosity which she had never been taught to restrain. She had never been out of her native place, and she gazed at the tall, nicely dressed figure of Paul Rassiner as you or I would stare at some object of art.

Rassiner followed her with his eyes boldly and unwaveringly. She was shapely, graceful in an untrained way, and not without a degree of beauty. His pet devil whispered in his ear that he should say something to her. Her furtive glances might certainly be construed as an invitation, had Rassiner wished an excuse. But the right or wrong of the thing never entered his mind, and directly he had taken his pipe from his mouth with the smiling query:

"Live up yonder?"

He nodded toward the cabin above.

The girl stopped and set her pail upon the ground. She blushed, her head drooping in sudden self consciousness.

The man took a few slow steps nearer.

"Pretty lonely, isn't it?" he asked. "Many in the family?"

"Pa 'n' me."

She plucked at a raveling on the wristband of her dress and colored again.

"Bless me!" thought the man. "This is ingenuousness such as I never thought existed in this swift day!" Then to the girl:

"Do you carry that heavy bucket up that steep path to your home?"

"Three times ever' day."

"That's a bloomin' shame!" exclaimed Paul. "What's the old man doing, that he doesn't carry it for you?"

The question seemed to astound the girl. No one ever volunteered to lighten her burdens since the day she was born. She had done man's work often, and knew nothing else.

"Pa's busy," she answered, evasively, in frank confusion, and the man's mind instantly framed the word 'moonshiner.'

"Where is he now?" continued Rassiner, moving two more steps nearer.

"He's 'way."

She bent to her burden as she spoke, but before her fingers could grasp the handle she felt a firm grip on her wrist, pushing her aside. Then the stranger was standing close to her with the bucket in his hand, laughing low at her amazement.

"You don't think a big, husky fellow like I would stand by and see you carry that, do you?" he asked. "Come along; I'll take it up the hill for you."

He turned and started up the path, the girl following.

It was a stiff pull to the cabin, and before he reached it Paul wondered how his companion ever managed to carry the heavy pail three times a day. He sat the bucket on the log doorstep of the miserable shanty before which they presently halted, and drew a long breath which he expelled in a whistle.

"Why, that's a job for a mule!" he declared, again letting his eyes roam over the girl's form as she stood in a careless attitude with her weight resting rather awkwardly on one foot.

Then his gaze wandered through the open door to the interior of the primitive dwelling. There was nothing of interest visible to him except one thing—an old fiddle lying on a chair.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Does your dad play that thing in there?"

When he turned again the girl's face was flaming with color, and she was plainly embarrassed.

"It's Tim's," she said.

"Aha! Your sweetheart! But you haven't told me your name. What is it?"

"Kitty!" she hastened to reply, glad to divert attention from her lover.

"And Tim plays his fiddle for you! Does he leave it here all the time?"

"He's here las' night 'n' forgot it," she answered, truthfully.

"I can play a fiddle, too, Kitty. Listen."

With that he strode into the low ceilinged apartment and took up the instrument. It was a ramshackle affair, such as are offered for sale in cross-roads stores for a dollar and a half. It was a glued-up pine box, nothing more, and as the virtuoso placed it in position and drew the frayed bow across the strings a repellent shiver went over him and twitched his mouth awry. But he played —a swinging bit of stuff from a late comic opera, which loosed legions of dance imps in the hearer's brain. Kitty crept soft-footed to the door, and listened. Presently, as if charmed, she came inside, an expression of awe and wonder changing her features curiously. Tim Hurley never played anything like that. It did not sound like that when Tim had the fiddle. The music he made was simpler, softer, and had a soothing quality, for his untaught soul was full of the melody of brook and bird and bee. The dashing, triumphant, galloping measures to which she now listened almost took her breath away. No wonder she felt strange stirrings within her! A handsome man from the far-away city stood before her, bringing from the cheap and clumsy instrument the most remarkable strains.

Rassiner stopped and smiled at his listener. She did not smile back, but stood perfectly still, vaguely alarmed. Something in her heart seemed to be calling Tim's name— and he was away. The man's pet devil rose up in him, and in another moment his arm was around the girl's waist and he was bending to kiss her. She twisted her face from him and struggled from his embrace with a sound which was half a sob and half a scream.

"No—Yo' mustn't—Yo' mustn't!" she cried, running to a spot on the other side of a table, then turning to face him with wild, frightened eyes.

"All right, little one, all right!" soothed Rassiner laughing. "I didn't know you'd mind, and you really are so pretty, you know. Forget all about it now. I have a fiddle, too, you know. I'm the new man who's come to build the bridge," he added. "I play every night, and tonight you can hear me if you'll listen. If you'll come to the head of the path you can hear plainly. My fiddle is different from this one. It cost several hundred dollars and makes prettier music than Tim's."

She had become quiet as he talked, and now stood bending forward, her palms on the table, looking at him in a fascinated way.

"Wouldn't you like to hear me play my fiddle?" he continued, smiling at her winningly.

"Ye-e-es," she whispered, as though struggling with some inner force which prompted her to say no.

"I'm so glad. Then as I play tonight I'll think of you out there listening to me, and you will think as you hear it that I am playing just for you. That will be nice, don't you think so?"

Her eyes were strained now, and she only nodded without speaking.

"Don't forget, now!" he cautioned, and placing the fiddle on the chair he strode out and down the path, whistling.

A glow of satisfaction enveloped him, and he felt good. His banishment to these solitudes would lose much of its irksomeness now. In addition to the joy which his violin would bring was this affair with Kitty, the guileless mountain maid. Her temporary repulsion of his advances meant nothing at all. It was what he expected; it was natural. He knew too well his way with women to be concerned as to the ultimate outcome. Tomorrow night he would come back and bring his violin, and then—His chances were truly good for a very pleasant sojourn at Big Gorge. Conscience never entered into Paul Rassiner's relations with women. It was a sense which he either did not possess, or, possessing, had crushed and mistreated until it was dumb. So that evening at twilight he came into camp with a song.

Soon after supper Rassiner, perched on the western abutment of the bridge which had baffled his forerunner, was alternately throwing a wonder of sound out into the moonlight, and thinking of his unseen listener and how she was receiving it.

Tim Hurley's approach was noiseless, and the violin player was not aware of another's presence until a voice spoke at his side.

"I 'low you'd better keep on this side o' the holler, stranger. T'other side ain't safe."

Paul looked up, fearlessly. He was not armed; neither was he afraid.

He saw a broad, roughly carved figure of a man, with ill fitting clothes, but his artist's eye caught a crude grace and primitive dignity in the uncouth mountaineer.

"Hello!" replied Rassiner, good-naturedly. "Won't you sit down?"

The native was silent for a moment, evidently puzzled by this unexpected naivete. But he had come for a purpose, which remained paramount.

"I want yo' to stay on this side!" he repeated, doggedly.

"I'm building this bridge, and my business will take me across as often as it allows me to stay here. I can't build the bridge and stay on this side. I believe the company has a right of way."

Tim took off his hat, ran the palm of his hand over his tousled hair, shrugged his shoulders, and replied in a voice peculiarly gentle for the locality.

"I don't know nothing 'bout that. But I'm gunta talk straight to yo'. I've jes' come from ol' Hammerbow's. I'm a-settin' to his gal, Kitty, 'n' I don't keer who knows that I love 'er. W'en I got there I foun' my fiddle out o' chune, 'n' w'en I ast Kitty 'bout it she tol' me 'bout meetin' you in the gully 'n' you a-carryin' the wadder fur 'er. That's clever o' yo', 'n' I'm 'bleeged to yo' for givin' the little gal a lift. Then she tol' me 'bout yo' a-playin' my fiddle in sich a way that it mos' made 'er cry. 'N' she tol' me—she tol' me—damn it! Mister, don't try that ag'in with Kitty! She's not yo' kin', 'n' you're not her kin'. Yo' buil' yo' bridge and let ol' man Hammerbow's gal alone! I heerd yo' play tonight—we've been a'settin' over t'other side the gully a'listenin' to that devil-stuff yo' draw out o' that damned piece o' wood, 'n' I saw Kitty a-tremblin' same as if a col' win' wuz a-blowin' on her. Then I come over here, mister, to say my say, an' tell yo' how things is. Yo' come out here to buil' a bridge. I

ain't got no 'jections to that. But don't pester 'roun' ol' man Hammerbow's gal, Kitty."

Tim turned abruptly when he had finished, without giving the other man time to reply, and quickly disappeared.

Rassiner went on playing as if nothing had happened, but now there was a smile on his full lips which even the softening moonlight could not make sweet.

Bareheaded, coatless, Paul Rassiner stood the next night in the shanty and played his wizard violin. A candle burned on the corner of the rude mantel near which he stood. Weeping, moaning, sobbing, pleading, the sentient instrument spoke in honeyed notes of the bliss of love. But it was not the sweet, placid, home love of which Kitty had dreamed. It was something lawless, terrible, but alluring beyond words. It was the voice of a Devil speaking in the tones of the Christ! She did not know what to do. She stood just across from the player, clad in a simple dress of vivid red, her black, curling hair falling over her shoulders, her fingers laced and strained, her soul tormented to distraction. Her face bore a hurt, happy, frightened expression, as she watched with charmed eyes the man who was weaving her will to his desire.

He did not play too long. He had been subtly watching her beneath his drooping lids, and suddenly he stayed his bow, took a quick step, and laid his violin on the table; another step and grasped Kitty's hands fiercely in both of his.

"Come!" he breathed, his mouth almost against her ear. "Come out with me a while!"

Whelmed and overwrought, conscious only of the maddening strains which she had just heard and of the guilty pleasure which this man's simple presence brought, she went with him from the room, out into the moonlight. The ground was open here for quite a distance. A hundred yards away was a thicket, and toward this they strolled, as true lovers might. Black waves with burning crests were flooding the man's heart. They passed among the the trees. He turned, and held out his arms with a smile of triumph. She stood a moment in the dim light, wavering, trying to give ear to the voice of her true self waking from the stupor which this man's music had caused.

Then like pearly blossoms of sound a new melody stole through the quiet night. Paul started with a low exclamation and swung around in his tracks. The girl put her hands over her face and began to sob softly. Each knew what it was. Tim had come to the cabin and had found her gone. He had seen that beautiful old brown violin lying on the table; he knew. He was trying to call her back with the same instrument which had lured her away. Oh, the wistfulness and tenderness and fireside love which throbbed from the strings! The message of a faithful heart which was breaking— breaking!

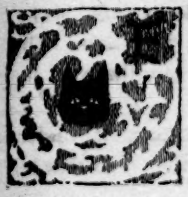
Something which had been dead in Paul Rassiner became alive. The hand which he placed upon the trembling girl's shoulder was compassionate and kind— the hand of a brother.

"Go home, little one," he whispered. "Go back to him. Look straight into his eyes and tell him square, just what he has done. He'll believe you. Ask him to keep the violin. He's spoiled it—for me!"

A Cigarette—That's All

BY HELENA GRACE EVANS

If there is a moral to this story it is a hearty amen to the all-wise Providence who limits the vision of men.



SCAPING the vigilance of door keeper and elevator boy, and not deterred by the many signs inimical to agents, he had reached the top story.

Jim, the office boy, answering his knock, looked him over carefully. Tall and imposing, clad in well cut black, he had the air of a gentleman. Surely that satchel contained something to be used in evidence.

Jim opened the door of an inner office.

"Mr. Barrett, some one to see you."

Jasper Barrett, of the firm of Barrett and Bates, attorneys-at-law, rose to greet a client. Then he espied the satchel.

"You have been misdirected, we allow no solicitors in this building."

"Pardon me, you will be interested in this." He opened the satchel.

Mr. Barrett was annoyed.

"I have no desire to see your wares. Jim, show this gentleman out."

Meantime the agent seated himself. He was apparently perfectly at ease, and very graciously waved Mr. Barrett to a chair.

Jasper Barrett gasped and sat down.

He looked curiously at this strange man.

He was very dark-skinned with the golden-yellow darkness of the East Indian. His hands and feet were small, aristocratic; his manner charming.

"Evidently a high caste Hindoo," thought Barrett, who was always exceedingly clever at detecting nationality.

The agent took from his satchel a small package. This he unwrapped, disclosing a pair of spectacles.

Jasper Barrett arose, indignant.

"You have taken up quite enough of my time. My eyesight is excellent, I have no need of glasses."

"But you will really want these. They are not at all like ordinary glasses," and before Jasper could protest, he had placed a pair on his nose.

The intervening wall seemed to melt away. In its place appeared the table, the bookcases, all the furniture of the outer office, and Jim standing by the window.

The boy raised his head and seemed to listen for a moment. Then very stealthily he moved over to the table, opened a drawer and took out a cigar. This he put in his pocket, and once more took up his position by the window.

"The little scamp! I'll take a pair just for the satisfaction of catching him. What is the price?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Well of all the cheek! A hundred dollars for a pair of spectacles! Why—"

"You do not wish for them then?" The Hindoo's voice was as soft and velvety as the purring of a kitten.

Jasper looked into the man's eyes. They were handsome eyes, rather metallic in their clear unflinching gaze. Jasper Barrett looked into them for only a moment, then seated himself at his desk.

"What name do I put on this check?"

"I prefer currency," said the Hindoo.

So Jasper went to his safe, opened it, took out the money and handed it to the man.

The Hindoo thanked him, and taking his little satchel, opened the door and went quietly out.

"Now for some fun." Jasper put on the spectacles and turned towards the stenographer's room.

Miss Steele had been in the firm's employ several years. She was a fine looking girl, possessing a good figure and a most beautiful complexion. She was working at the typewriter. Soon she finished and rising, got her hat and put it on before the mirror. Then she opened her hand bag and took out a tiny little box.

Dipping her finger in this, she rubbed it on her face. The roses bloomed afresh in her pretty cheeks.

Jasper chuckled to himself. Certainly these spectacles were great fun.

Beyond the stenographer's room was the private office of his partner, William Bates. As he turned the glasses in that direction, he wondered what particular weakness of Bill's would be disclosed. He would hardly be guilty of stealing cigars or rouging, but there must be something.

As the haze settled and the different objects in the room became clearly defined he saw Bill seated at his desk. Near him was a man whom he immediately recognized as the foreman of the jury that was trying one of their cases before the civil court.

Barrett and Bates had been very successful with law suits. They hoped to win this one, for it involved many thousands of dollars, and a big contingent fee.

It was impossible to surmise what the two men were discussing, for unfortunately the long-distance glasses did not reproduce sounds. The conversation lasted some minutes. The foreman, a big, burly Irishman, much given to gesticulation, seemed to become quite excited.

Barrett watched the two men some minutes, and as nothing of interest happened, he was about to turn his glasses elsewhere, when a movement of his partner's arrested him. He saw him go over to his safe, open it, and take from an inner drawer a bundle of greenbacks. These he handed to the juryman. The man counted them and put them in his pocket.

Perfectly did Jasper Barrett understand the little pantomime. And this his friend, whom of all men he had considered most honorable! Had any one related the circumstance to him, he would have spurned it as the basest slander. As it was he could not doubt the evidence of his own senses.

Removing the glasses he sat there a long time, going over the little scene in his mind. He tried to frame excuses. He realized that he had lost something that could not be replaced.

So disturbed was he, so disgusted with mankind in general, that he was half tempted to throw the glasses out of the window.

But before he did that, it might be just as well to look towards that one spot on earth where he could find truth and honor.

Towards his home, then, he turned the glasses.

She was sitting by the library fire. Beside her was her cousin, Jack Dearing. They were reading, their young heads bent close together over the open book.

Suddenly Helen started, laid her finger on her lips, and seemed to listen.

Jack got up, and standing by the mantel, took out a long Turkish cigarette, lighted it, puffed at it for a moment, then threw it on the anthracite grate. The fire was low, and it did not ignite,

but lay there on top of the black coals. He looked at his watch, said something to Helen, and she came and stood beside him.

He put his arms around her, lifted her face to his, and kissed her on the lips.

Jasper Barrett, jumping up, dashed the glasses from his eyes. Was there no honor left in the world? Was there no one in whom he could ever place confidence again?

He would go home at once and confront the guilty pair. But first it might be well to take another look at them.

He picked up the glasses, put them on, and looked towards his home. He could see nothing but the desk, the bookcases, and walls of his office. He took off the glasses, found they were not broken, wiped them, put them on again. Nothing, absolutely nothing beyond the office walls!

He sat down and tried to think it over. His brain was in a whirl. He was not a drinking man. What could have come over him?

Then suddenly the truth flashed upon him.

That Hindoo had hypnotized him!

There could be no doubt of it. He had heard of their wonderful powers, how they hypnotized whole audiences into seeing things that had never existed.

Well, it was a good joke on himself, if rather an expensive one. He must go right home and tell Helen. Fortunately she possessed a sense of humor.

Living in the suburbs, it took him some time to reach home.

Helen was waiting for him. She helped him off with his overcoat, and together they went into the library.

When they were seated on the settle by the fire, her fair head resting on his shoulder, he related his strange experience, that is, he did so in part. He told her about Jim and Miss Steele, and dear old Bill; and how she laughed at it all.

"By the way, was Jack over today?"

"No, I have not seen him." Rising, she picked up the poker and began to stir the fire.

"It has turned cold," she said.

The fire was very low. Above, the coals were black and needed considerable stirring. Some little object that had lain on top, she pushed down among the red coals. It caught fire and blazed merrily up the chimney. It was nothing of value, and seems hardly worthy of mention. It was only a long Turkish cigarette.

Unto Death

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

An old, deserted plantation is the scene of mysterious disappearances. Local feeling runs high and the death of a popular planter on the grounds of the plantation forces sentiment to action. The case is taken by a Southern Railway detective whose matter-of-fact nature is not affected by the superstition of the country.

HERE the ruins of Jedburg sleep in melancholy beauty, in a wild plum tree that guards the approach like a spare sentry, a mockingbird had taken up his abode. It was this mockingbird flashing out of the bush suddenly and silently, that first startled Magwood, the detective from Georgetown, who had been employed by a deputation of rice planters living along the Santee river delta to investigate, with the secrecy and caution that such a case demanded, the ruins of Jedburg.

There had been strange doings on Jedburg, the old deserted planation between Fairfield, where the Pinckneys lived, and Eldorado, the home of the Alstons. There had been happenings more weird than the mere silence and lonely desolation of an abandoned plantation could explain or justify. For forty years the place had been mysterious; for twenty years at least the credulous had believed it to be haunted; and for two years it had been dreaded and feared as a secret and terrible menace by all the plantation owners of the delta.

For a while, nothing worse occurred on Jedburg than the occasional disappearance of hogs and cattle. But then there happened the case of the two negro children, who had gone there to gather dewberries and who had never returned. Later there was the instance of Amos Grove, the negro alligator hunter, than whom a more fearless woodsman never lived in the county, who had gone to Jedburg and had not been seen since. Finally, there had come the sudden and shocking death of young Jim Barron, one of the best-known and best-loved planters along the river. This roused the people of the neighborhood to a determined effort to solve the mystery of Jedburg and to banish its horror from their lives, which, but for its sinister shadow, would be lives of almost pastoral simplicity and peace. Therefore they deputed Hampton Gray, captain of the river-tug *Thistle*, to cross the rivers and go up Winyah Bay to Georgetown, and there to secure, quietly, a good detective. They wanted to have the matter attended to effectively, and no man on Santee felt that he had just the qualifications necessary to see the thing through. It had to be done with more or less secrecy for the owners of the Jedburg property, who lived in Charleston, were most peculiar, and they might seriously interfere with any investigation or consider as criminal trespass the search for the spectres of their long-deserted place.

To Georgetown, therefore, Gray went, down the muddy yellow rivers and up the sparkling waters of the bay; and there he found Tim Magwood, a Southern Railway detective off on his vacation. They were friends of long standing.

"Tim, I've got a job for you," said Gray, as they stood together on the rotted wharf facing the Black river.

"I don't want it, old man," the detective replied. "I'm doing my best now to take a rest."

"There's five hundred dollars in it for you, Tim, if you come out alive; and a bang-up funeral and flowery obituary of you in the *Georgetown Blade* if you don't."

"Never mind the alternatives. We don't have them in my profession. What's been happening over on your sleepy rice plantations?"

"Things and things," Gray answered. "Did you read of Barron's death—Jim Barron of Walnut Hill? He was killed at that old Jedburg place, you know."

"I believe I did see something about it." Magwood squinted his deep-set blue eyes as if concentrating his memory. "Who killed him?" he now asked, his eyes wide and piercing.

"Tim, the answer to that is worth the five hundred dollars I was telling you about. When can you start? I'd like to take this ebbtide down the bay in about a half-hour. Are you game?"

"I'll go," the detective said. "I haven't had a case like it since I caught young Bolliver in Marion County. I'll just run up to the house and get my bag."

"Bring your guns, too," said the captain shortly.

The keen-faced detective lifted his eyebrows. "Sure thing," he replied. "Sounds as if the fun alone might be worth the money. By the way, what will happen to me if my discovery scandalizes some of those old purple bloods over there?" he asked, as he was turning back toward the head of the wharf.

"You needn't fear for that," Gray replied, "though a little shaking up wouldn't do them any harm."

A half-hour later the *Thistle* was steaming down the bay. There was no one on board but Gray and Magwood and two negroes. One of these was at the wheel and the other in the engine room. The two white men were sitting on the pilot house behind the hoisting mast.

"Now, Hamp," said Magwood, "tell me all you know about this business. I believe you have more information than anyone else because you discovered Barron's body."

"Yes, I did that much; but it's mighty little I know about it."

Gray then told him that, the week before, as he had been coming down the lower Santee with a load of turpentine, he had seen an empty canoe drawn up on the shelving beach that rims the river bordering Jedburg plantation. He knew the boat for Barron's and thinking that it might have drifted away from its proper moorings at Walnut Hill up the river, he put out in a dory, intending on his next trip to take the canoe back to its owner. But on coming to the shingle, he found fresh tracks in the sands, leading up the bank. Being quite intimate with Barron, he shouted his name, but there was no reply save the echoes given back by the old Jedburg live-oaks. He then drew up his own boat on the shore and climbed the bank.

The first object there to catch his sight was the body of Jim Barron, lying face down in the sandy field. He ran forward and knelt beside it. Raising it, he found a clean hole, drilled from the forehead through the back of the head—such a wound as is made by a .44 steel-tipped rifle ball. Shocked by the tragedy, the captain lifted the body in his arms, bore it down to his dory, and put out for the tug, whence he took his lifeless burden down the river to the settlement.

Gray then told Magwood of how unfortunate the last years of Barron's life had been; of how his rice-planting had not at all prospered; and how of late he had been resorting to many odd schemes for making money. He had, for instance, undertaken to supply a prominent florist in Charleston with

great quantities of sphagnum moss. He had tried silkworms in his white mulberry trees. He had experimented with indigo. His latest fad had been the quarrying of granite, outcroppings of which were to be found on his estate.

"And that's why Jim Barron went to Jedburg that morning," the captain concluded. "He was after that granite outcrop. He once asked me if I thought the old place was worth buying. When I found him in the field, he was lying beside a granite spur that sticks up near the biggest of the oaks there. He had a little hammer with him. For a year or more he had been a regular prospector."

"Were there any signs of a struggle at the place?" Magwood asked.

"None that I saw, though I did not look very carefully. And that's one reason why I want to go there with you tomorrow. I don't think I made much of the chance I had to find out who did the thing. Maybe I had a better chance to find it out than anybody else will have."

"And maybe you had a fine chance to get what Barron got," the other said dryly.

"I think we'll take my hound Fan along tomorrow. She'll pick up a trail if there's a shadow of it."

"But not if it's a week old?"

"What's on Jedburg stays there all the time; but I don't know if it leaves a trail."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Magwood. Yet as he let his eyes sweep over the strange country through which the tugboat was bearing them; on those melancholy far shores, where woven tapestries of giant vines shrouded the cypresses whose lowest limbs swept in the water; on distant glimpses of ancient skeleton houses, gaunt and spectral in their ruins; on boundless wastes of sedge-grown delta —as he looked upon these scenes he felt that if in any time and land a man might meet the supernatural face to face, it would be then and there.

Having laid their plans to start for Jedburg the next morning, Magwood and the captain tied the *Thistle* up at dusk at the Eldorado wharf and slept aboard of her that night.

From Eldorado, Jedburg is reached most directly by a deeply worn animal path through the woods, and it was this path that the two men took early the next morning. As Captain Gray passed a roadside cabin on Eldorado, he called to a negro to set the hound Fan free, putting her on their tracks. Before they had gone far they heard the patter of her feet in the rustling leaves as she came bounding after them. She was a magnificent bloodhound, with deep-set eyes, heavy dewlap, and trailing ears. She somehow made Magwood feel that he had a stout ally, of powers more elemental, and possibly for his present needs, more acute, than his own.

As they passed on into the woods, Gray told Magwood something of the sinister history of the plantation they were approaching.

The time had been when a proud family had owned the fine old Queen Anne house at Jedburg. But misfortune and a tragic death had so shattered dear associations that the place was offered for sale. It was bought by Constable Desmond, an Englishman who, shortly after the Civil War, had come to Charleston. He was a widower with one daughter, a talented and beautiful girl. The Desmonds took possession of Jedburg at once, and the planters along the river found them very delightful and hospitable neighbors.

When the Desmonds had been at Jedburg two years, a thing happened that sent the horrors all up and the down the Santee delta. "That's just the way to describe it," Gray declared to Magwood.

"I can remember it. For months people went about with scared faces. And there didn't seem to be anything else to talk about."

He then told what happened.

It seems that one day a small boat, manned by four sailors, put in at the mouth of the Santee, and after an hour's row landed at the Jedburg wharf. Seeing their approach, Desmond walked down to meet them and discovered them to be Spaniards, off the brigantine *Maria,* en route from Trinidad to Georgetown. Their spokesman, a tall and handsome fellow, with the inevitable Spanish touch of bright color about his clothes and possessing the power of exquisite gestures and a Castillian intonation, informed Desmond that they had brought a sick mate ashore. And might he be left at the most hospitable senor's plantation until the ship's return, which would be but three little days off? They did not like to keep him aboard the vessel, whose rollings on the shallow water off the sea-islands caused the sufferer great pain.

"Ah, senor," the Spaniard had said, "it would be a most gracious deed of mercy. In three days we return, by which time he shall have been made well by you. We come for him then. And all our lives our prayers shall remember you."

Desmond's hospitality did not usually include hospital cases but here a graceful, or even a reasonable, refusal seemed impossible. Morever, the sight of the sick man, lying huddled in the rowboat, assured him that the case was an urgent one. So he gave his assent. Two of the sailors lifted their companion and bore him toward the house, where he was tenderly laid in a big airy room overlooking the far sweep of the river and the wide panorama of the gray rice fields. Desmond urged the men to stay for some refreshment, but they declined, saying that their ship was standing up into the wind waiting for them and that they wanted to round North Island light before sunset. Forthwith they took a gracious but somewhat hasty leave of their comrade and his host.

Sitting beside the invalid, who appeared to be too weak to give any coherent account of himself, Desmond watched the return of the sailors. They rowed steadily until they reached a point of land a mile down the river, when, to the watcher's amazement they turned the boat shoreward and began to strip off their clothes and to throw them overboard. Finally they sank the boat in shallow water, and swam here and there, apparently washing themselves, and at last, drawing the small craft out on the bank and emptying her of water, they took their seats once more. Stark naked, they rowed hurriedly off toward the river mouth.

Such extraordinary behavior naturally excited strong suspicions in the mind of Desmond, who began to regret what looked like folly on his part; yet when he glanced toward the bed and marked the drawn face of the poor sufferer, he relented. But nevertheless he decided to take what precautions seemed, under the circumstances, to be wise. Leaving the room he called softly down the stairway for his daughter. She, dewy and sweet as any rose that she had just gathered from her own garden, came tripping upstairs to her father, who informed her in a few words of the incident and asked her to sit at the head of the stairs until he could return from sending Sawney, the negro man-of-all-work, for the doctor.

On the lonely plantation there had been little enough to afford her the opportunity to spend her woman's sympathy, and her heart fluttered as, with timid eyes, she looked toward the couch where the bronzed sick man lay. She heard the patient groan in his fever, and the couch

shook with his convulsive shudders. Immediately, then, Alice Desmond rose and went in to him. He asked for water, and she brought it, all tremulous in her eagerness to allay his burning thirst. Then she sat beside the window and watched the Spaniard, who lay with his eyes closed and his swarthy cheeks flushed a sinister red.

Desmond, on his return, could not hide his impatience when he found his daughter in the room with the sick man, and he ordered her downstairs peremptorily, feeling himself responsible for whatever ill might come of the unfortunate business.

The old country doctor, driving a moody mule, was two hours in coming. He examined the patient with considerable interest, at first because the man was a foreigner; but in a few moments the human being before him became a "case." The doctor hemmed in excitement; then he took the sick man's pulse and temperature a second time. Next he examined his neck and chest. Then for a few minutes he sat with the man's hand in his, looking out of the window but seeing nothing save the wards of a hospital where he had served thirty years before. He then cleared his throat in a significant way he had, which indicated that he had come to a conclusion. The diagnosis was complete. Under his bland shirt front the doctor's skin was prickling with nervous apprehension. His neck and forehead were beginning to sweat. Finally he nodded his head in self-assurance, rose, and came over to where Desmond stood expectantly by the door.

"Well?" Desmond asked quietly.

"Yellow fever," the doctor replied; "and the case is advanced."

There was a hasty consultation, and it was decided that the man should not be moved. That was in a day when yellow fever not only meant almost certain death to the patient but the gravest danger to all those nearby; yet Desmond could not put a dying man out of his house.

"Is he sure to die?" he now asked.

"He will die tomorrow morning, I think," answered the physician, who had served his apprenticeship in the terrible epidemic in Charleston.

The negro Sawney, who had passed through a case of the fever, was considered immune, and he consented to stay by the man through the night.

The next morning Sawney buried the dead Spaniard in a gaunt thicket that overhung the river to the northward of Jedburg House.

The sailors of the brigantine *Maria* never came near Jedburg again.

In a week, Desmond's daughter sickened of the dread plague, and she soon sank out of life. The doctor was not present at the time of her death, and all intelligence on this part of the story comes from the negro Sawney. He testified, following the destruction of Jedburg by fire, on the night of the death of Alice Desmond, that the young woman had died at sunset, and that her father, apparently with a fine grip on his nerves, had sent him down to his cabin, saying that he wished to be alone with his dead. An hour later, Sawney saw the sky illumined, and rushing from his cabin he beheld a mighty conflagration. Jedburg House was burning. He ran toward the fire, but in nearing it discovered that he could do nothing. Tall flames were surging over the roof; great timbers were crashing, and huge lurid serpents of smoke writhed out of the heart of the doomed house.

Such was the fate of Jedburg, and such the fate of the Desmonds. It was presumed, and the presumption had the very strongest evidence to back it, that Desmond, half-crazed in his grief, had upset a lamp or laid a candle down care-

lessly, which had started the fire. And that Desmond, probably attempting to save his daughter's body, had been consumed with it in the flames.

And during the many years which had elapsed since the burning of Jedburg, the plantation had had no resident but old Sawney, a veritable Mage Merlin of the black race, who could not be persuaded to leave the estate. The few other negroes who had been in Desmond's somewhat desultory employ had drifted one by one, to other places. At length Sawney, a solitary guardian, a spectre sentinel, was the only mourner and the only watcher over the disastrous ruins.

He was apparently a forlorn and sand-blind old negro, whom the years had bowed pitifully; but despite his age and infirmities, some had found him remarkably keen in that cunning intelligence that made his primitive ancestors masters of the jungle. There were stories told of him that stamped his character as that of a wizard; but by the planters they had been accounted to be mere negro superstitions. His mind, they thought, had been affected by his loneliness and his deep brooding over the Jedburg tragedy. He told all questioners that he had to guard the ruins. Most people compared him to the looming, spectral remains of the old house; for he was as ruinous as they. There was something uncanny about his presence, and there was no pickaninny in the Santee country who would not flee at sight of his gaunt figure.

By the time Captain Gray had told all this about Jedburg, they had traversed the path leading through the thickety woodland and had come to thinning pines and an old broomsedge field. A short walk through this brought them to Sawney's cabin, a wreck of a shack, standing alone in the tall but bleak yellow growth of grasses. Brushing through the lean spears that were knee-high, the two men came upon the negro, sitting upon his doorstep.

"Sawney," Gray demanded abruptly, thinking, if the old negro knew anything, to catch him off his guard. "Who shot Mr. Barron?"

To his bleared eyes the sight and recognition seemed to creep slowly, as the baffled light of day struggling behind leaden clouds.

"Sah?" queried he, a talon of a hand to his ear.

"Who shot Mr. Barron, on Wednesday of last week, near the Great House?"

But the dreary old man only shook his head slowly and with senile misunderstanding.

"Nobody eber comes here," he answered at last. "I is all alone. I guard the ruins."

Feeling that he knew nothing of the tragedy or of its causes, they left Sawney and made their way toward the site of the house. The bloodhound Fan, that had whined as they stood talking, followed them closely, pausing now and then to sniff guardedly at the grasses beside the dim pathway that led up to Jedburg.

"I like this," said Magwood, turning and looking at his companion significantly; "your hound winds something."

"That's why we brought her," answered Gray, his hand on the butt of the pistol in his hip pocket.

By the winding cattle track that led through the sere broomsedge they made a dubious and careful approach, coming at length to the dense thicket, wherein the ruins of Jedburg House mouldered in a rotting silence. Magwood, pistol in hand, forced his way quietly through the tangle. The bloodhound followed Gray closely. Once she growled suddenly and savagely, and the hair on her tawny back bristled. It was about then that a mockingbird, flying suddenly out of a plum tree, so startled Magwood.

At last they came to the ruins them-

selves, asleep in the mellow autumn sunlight. They were not awesome; except that they wore a strange bright glow of decay and that their whole aspect interpreted the end of human hopes and the realities of human disaster. By the sunken marble steps they passed between skeleton walls of crumbling brick, and at length paused beside a peculiar aperture in what had once been the floor of the cellar. It was apparently the entrance to a cistern or well; formerly it had probably supplied Jedburg House with water.

"They say it's mighty deep," said Gray, picking up a piece of brick and, leaning over the opening, dropping it into the black pit.

There was silence. Then, after a few seconds, there sounded a liquid thud that told them that, at least, the water-supply was not exhausted.

"Bad thing for stock," Magwood commented, "especially in the summer. I shouldn't be surprised, Hamp, if this is where your missing cattle and hogs went. The smell of this water on a hot night would be like a trap-bait for them."

Gray's lips were framing an answer, but it was never spoken for the hound Fan here entered the conversation. She had approached the mouth of the well, sniffing hungrily at its crumbling edges. Now she tossed back her head and vented a melancholy low howl. It was savage, but its prevailing note was one weirdly mournful, as if announcing the discovery of some unutterable secret. Magwood flashed his companion a look of instant surmise. Gray drew his revolver. Fan, now certain of her lugubrious knowledge, sat back on her haunches and repeated her terrible confession.

In caution and excitement, the two men examined the edges of the well, and their conclusions were mutual.

"Something's been using this hole for a den," Magwood said.

Gray looked at him, nodding assent.

Faint paths led out of the thicket, and there were bricks dislodged from the sides of the well, whose sockets were worn as by continual use. While Magwood was trying, on hands and knees, to decipher the faint tracks in the packed pathway, and Gray was tingling, half-fearful that they might too suddenly rush upon an awful truth, the bloodhound, catching some fresh scent, howled with a new note of surety in her deep voice.

"God!" muttered Gray. "I wish she wouldn't howl like that. How is it that nobody ever thought of this damned old well before?"

"That hound's music to me," said Magwood a moment later. "You should have heard my pair when they put the train-wrecker in the pile of crossties, over near Lane's."

But now from the pit a sound came to them beside which the mournful cries of the bloodhound were as rippling laughter; for from that abysmal cavern, there rose an answering cry to Fan's. That weird voice connot be described; nor should its description be printed.

Gray and Magwood stood on opposite side of the well. Gray was clearly the more startled, but his eyes showed a steely glint. His knuckles were white above the revolver-grip.

Magwood listened to the sound, then he stripped off his coat and stepped to the brink of the well.

"I'm going down," he said simply. And Gray knew him better than to attempt to dissuade him.

The detective took the first step downward, feeling his way by the worn footholds. Once he looked up; his eyes were bright and his face was set.

"If I don't come out of this hole," he said to Gray, "that bang-up funeral won't be necessary."

Then he climbed slowly out of sight,

and the captain watched with a thrill of pride his friend's powerful brown hands gripping the mossy brickwork. There was no doubt of Magwood's spirit, he thought. They don't come as dauntless as that every day. At last the black head of the detective sank into the blackness of the Jedburg pit.

Fan now ceased her howling and circled the mouth of the well, whining and scratching between the bricks. The sounds of Magwood's climbing grew fainter, and Gray began to blame himself bitterly for letting his friend go down. He did not know but that he might have to play, for a second time, a prominent part in a tragedy. He looked about him to fix the aspect of the place in his mind. Suddenly he grew aware of a gaunt face and a pair of human eyes peering at him out of the thicket. Involuntarily he sprang forward, and the wild face swiftly withdrew itself behind the fringe of leafy screenage. But Gray recognized the crafty countenance of the old negro Sawney.

What infernal devilment was this? he thought. What most roused the captain's anger was that the old scoundrel must have duped them from the very beginning. Clearly, this Sawney knew much of what they wanted to know. Gray was for following the skulker, and had snapped his fingers to Fan, when out of the intense darkness of the deep well there came a shout, then a cry, then the confused sounds of a struggle, wherein the grim but rational voice of the detective was mingled with the savage mouthings of some wild creature. Mad with the excitement, Gray lay down and peered over the perilous brink. He shouted down to Magwood. The hound, now savage once more, recognizing the cries of command and of rage, bayed fiercely.

Far out the captain leaned, and heard a part of the brick casing give way in the darkness below him. Then there came a distinct sobbing cry in the vacuous mid-air; then silence; then the heavy fall of a body into the water at the bottom of the well.

Again Gray shouted down to Magwood, for he knew not which of the two had fallen. His voice answered him, but it sounded thin and strange. Then he heard the detective ascending, difficultly, step by slippery step, toiling up the mossy precipice. Gray waited for him, breathless. And, though since seeing the old negro, he had come to expect almost any turn of affairs, he was not prepared for the shock that Magwood gave him. When he came in sight, the captain did not think it could be his friend, for his thick hair had gone as white as driven snow.

Gray seized him by the arms and dragged him out of the dreadful pit, and for some moments he sat on the ground, exhausted. When he lifted his eyes, they were old, and his countenance was bleak.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed. "It was worth the money. It was a lunatic, Hamp, stark and raving. That sound we heard was what some old writer called 'moody madness laughing wild.' " Magwood was still breathing heavily. "He had heard me coming," he added a moment later, "and he had a dead bead on me with his big rifle—the same one that finished Barron, I think. But somehow the thing snapped, and it went with him to the bottom of the well."

Then he told Gray, slowly and with apparent effort, that on descending he had come to a cavern in the side of the well, wherein was a light, and by the light a man standing naked, there in that glimmering prison-place, rifle in hand. There was a struggle in the entrance, and as the detective realized that he was in the fiendish grasp of a madman, he did not, could not, spare his strength in

the pitiful battle. It was pitiful because the man was old. At length, the creature, slipping on the brink of the shaft, threw wide his arms, clutched at the air, and sank sobbing into the pit. Magwood said that he could not go down after him as there were no footholds.

Then Gray spoke of Sawney. But Magwood's thought recurred to his experience. "God! What a grip he had!" he kept repeating, feeling at his neck.

After a little while they went for Sawney, but he was not in his cabin. Fan struck a trail, leading away into the denseness of the thicket, but they whistled her off. In Sawney's cabin they found an old plow-line, and taking it with them back to the well, Gray volunteered to descend. This he did, attaching the rope in the cavern-room. When he reached the dense darkness above the water he struck a match, and it was instantly whipped out by a current of air. With the second he had more success, and to his great astonishment he discovered that a swift stream swept under the foot of the well. It was probably a part of the river itself, that had eaten its way under the bank. The unfortunate madman, probably stunned by his fall, must have been borne under the shelving banks and forever beyond human assistance.

When Gray reported his grim discovery to Magwood, the detective appeared relieved.

"It's better that way, I think," he commented.

Then they decided to visit the spot where Barron's body had been found, and as it lay just beyond the thicket which enclosed the ruins, they soon reached it.

"You see," Magwood said as they approached the place, "we have had what I would call 'some adventure'; but it doesn't explain much. The motive is what I am after. Why were the pickaninnies killed? Why was Amos Grove killed? And why did anyone kill Barron?"

In the sand by the fatal spot where Barron's life had gone out they found the prints of naked feet. There, too, was the granite rock that Barron had been tapping with his prospector's hammer, a jutting cone it was, standing about a foot above the earth.

Magwood knelt down and scrutinized the stone more carefully than Gray thought was necessary. He laid hold of it with both hands and tried to move it back and forth. It gave slightly.

"That's no granite outcrop," he said. "That stone has been put here to mark a place."

"It couldn't be treasure, could it?" Gray asked, thinking of the pirates who had once made the mouth of the Santee a favorite rendezvous.

" We shall see presently."

They had begun to dig with stout oak sticks in the friable loam, when the bloodhound growled and lifted her head toward the thicket. Thence they saw emerging the figure of Sawney. His demeanor was still crafty; but there was an added wildness about him that made the captain grasp his pistol. Yet as he drew nearer a great change seemed to come over the negro. His features were softly ennobled by an ancient grief.

"Don't dig there, gentlemen," he commanded. "That's Miss Alice Desmond's grave."

Then he turned to walk up toward the ruins. Gray overtook him on a run, questioning him fiercely of the death of Barron.

"The master shot him," Sawney replied, "because he was breaking that headstone."

Magwood, who had now come up, heard Sawney's answer.

"The master?" he queried. Sawney gave a sad assent.

"Then," said Magwood, "the man in the well was Desmond."

That afternoon Gray and Magwood were again aboard the *Thistle*.

"What can the law do to Sawney?" Gray asked.

"He is a witness, surely, and it is right that we have him locked up. He is undoubtedly an accomplice. But I don't think we shall do anything to him. I didn't know," he added, "that there could be in the world such faithfulness as he showed to that Desmond family."

" 'Faithful unto death,' " the captain quoted.

"Yes," Magwood assented. "But this Sawney was faithful unto far worse things than death."

Luke McLuke Says

BY J. SYME HASTINGS

Some princesses put on so much dog that they insist upon undressing in the dark if there is a looking glass or a rubber plant in the room.

A girl gets so tired of washing dishes that she hurries up and gets married. And then she has to wash dishes and babies too.

If a man is waiting for his wife, the air is blue if she is fifteen seconds late. But if he is waiting for some other man's wife he will stick around for five hours and still be good natured.

Nobody loves a fat man, but a skinny girl can always pad.

Nature tries to act decent. You seldom see a red-headed girl who has to use excelsior.

When a man has had a wife and an automobile for five years he begins paying some attention to the new models.

When a girl is proud of her figure there's no way you can make her conceal it.

Even if a man was twice as homely as Abraham Lincoln his wife wouldn't trust him with another woman.

When a little girl realizes that she has pretty legs and wants to hide them, she is no longer a little girl.

Keeping up appearances keeps up disappearances.

It has gotten so nowadays that the word lingerie means a corset cover and a union suit.

What has become of the old-fashioned wife who knew her husband didn't drink anything on Saturday nights because he was always so dry on Sunday mornings?

When a woman buys a tie for her husband she aways tries to select something that will scare the *other woman away.*

The girl who powders thinks there is something wrong about the girl who paints.

Fashion authorities say women will wear less this summer than they did last summer. Well, they'll have to make the skirts out of invisible hair netting.

Any girl who will climb a fence when a man is looking at her usually has two good reasons for her action.

Every man believes that his home town contains more homely men and more pretty girls than any other place on the map.

A model husband hasn't time to work at anything else.

There are lots of good church members who do not put their wives wise when they get a raise in salary.

They make a lot of fuss over women's rights, but as far as I can see they are not a bit more shapely than their lefts.

A princess who worships a fellow with a wooden head will giggle when she meets a man who has a wooden leg.

A man will agree with you when you tell him that your wife and your children are superior to his. But if you try to argue that your pet brand of nose paint is better than his he wants to fight.

If you could only get men to believe that all women are alike there wouldn't be so many shooting matches in married circles.

When San Gavino Fell

BY D. E. ARNEST

In which the march of a victorious Mexican army is halted, its wreath-crowned general dethroned and another chosen; all because of an American cheese sandwich—"made yesterday—5 cents."

AN GAVINO had fallen. It was in the hands of General Don Felipe Nasario Gallardo and his army of twenty-nine brave *revoltosos*. There had been a battle. *Madre de Dios!* What a battle! The *insurrectos* had approached the day before and encamped in the trenches dug when San Gavino was besieged by *Maderistas*. A boy from the town had strayed within range and Colonel Louis Gonzales had fired in his general direction with a shotgun. Taking the hint, the federal garrison of thirteen silently retreated during the night, leaving San Gavino at the mercy of the revolutionists.

Caramba! Also 15,674,329 other words not found in Castilian Sunday school tracts. With the federals had gone one wagon and in that wagon was all the food in San Gavino. The army had the town but the army had nothing to eat. The materials for *enchilades, chili con carne,* and *tortillas* were not to be found. Even the *frijoles* were lacking. Long and earnestly had the army foraged among the adobe buildings, but beyond a squash that one major picked from a dying vine the quest was without result.

General Don Felipe Nasario Gallardo, commander-in-chief of the starving army, was in the patio of the mayor's residence. He should have been standing with folded arms, as the general of a certain starved army that once spent the winter at Valley Forge instead of Palm Beach stands in the pictures that illustrate the school histories—but he wasn't. General Don Felipe-and-the-rest-of-it lay in a hammock swung between two cottonwood trees and smoked a cigarette. There had been a time when the general thought that as long as tobacco and brown paper were to be had it would make no difference whether he did or did not eat; now he knew that he had been wrong.

For there was an emptiness, a vagueness, amidships. It would not have been quite so bad had the soldiers not been complaining that the time since they had partaken of food was long. Their complaints had reminded General Don Felipe that the time since he had eaten was of about the same duration—some two days. He had not meant to be a martyr quite so soon when he started that revolution.

"Call Captain Ramon Bernal, my faithful family servant," the general suddenly ordered of Lieutenant Tomas Talamantes, who was on guard.

Captain Ramon Bernal was summoned. When he stood within the patio, General Gallardo directed:

"Stand without and double the guard. Put none but Mexicans on guard today. I would speak privately with Colonel Bernal."

Ramon, who had been leaning far over to make the emptiness seem less empty, straightened when he was called "Colonel Bernal" and looked inquiringly at his general.

"Aye, 'tis true," General Gallardo affirmed when they were alone. "Have you not been a faithful servant to my lamented father and myself? Have you not proven yourself worthy to bear the title of captain, which I have bestowed upon you? And now that I have the power, why should I not reward you with even greater honors?"

Ramon bowed his head in mute acquiescence. His heart was too full for speech.

"I am going to commission you a colonel when you carry out a delicate mission, which I have chosen you, from among all my brave and gallant followers, to undertake. Captain Ramon Bernal, are you a man of honor?"

"Unto death, Your Excellency."

General Gallardo seemed pleased with this reply. He took from his pocket a coin. It was an American nickel!

"I have here one five-cent piece, all that remains of my treasury," said the commander. "I crave one cheese sandwich. The nearest place where such a delicacy can be obtained is in the American city of Diorite, just across the international border from San Gavino. Can I trust you to take this coin and bring back one Swiss cheese sandwich?"

Ramon drew a long and tremulous breath when the nature of his mission was explained to him, but he replied bravely:

"You can trust me, Your Excellency."

General Gallardo impressively handed the nickel to Captain Bernal, who removed the red bandana handkerchief from about his neck and carefully tied the money in one corner. Handkerchief and all went into the hip pocket of his overalls. With another salute he was gone.

The general did not know the enormousness of the difficulty with which Ramon was confronted, and Ramon, true soldier that he was, did not tell him. But Ramon had been in Diorite and he knew that Swiss cheese sandwiches were ten cents apiece, not five.

Diorite and San Gavino are practically the same town, but Diorite is in the United States and San Gavino is in Mexico. All that separates them is a narrow street.

On one side of the street lay Diorite and food, including Swiss cheese sandwiches; on the other side lay San Gavino and starvation.

When he crossed this street, with the invisible international line running through its center, Ramon was wondering how he would obtain a Swiss cheese sandwich with only half the market price thereof to offer. He had heard of two ways to get things—one was to buy and the other was to steal. Since buying seemed out of the question, he must steal. Ah, to steal for his general and for the cause! Surely he was a true patriot. *Abajo* Madero! *Viva* Gallardo! And if the general learned of his devotion—ah! he might even make him a major general!

A heavy hand fell upon Ramon's shoulder, and his hand flew to his belt, but he remembered that he had left his revolver in San Gavino, since the Americans were extremely sensitive about armed Mexicans crossing the border. He turned to confront a great, red-haired Irishman.

"Want a job, *Colo?*" asked the Hibernian.

"No! No!" Captain Ramon hastened to deny.

"Dollar a day, United States," the stranger continued persuasively. "Got jobs for you and for forty or fifty more like you, diggin' the new town sewer."

Ramon shook his head regretfully but positively.

"Come out where the sewer outfit is east of the town, if you change your mind," said the Irishman as he turned

to go. "And tell all the Mex. boys there's plenty of work for 'em."

A dollar a day! For the first time Ramon was almost sorry that he had joined the revolutionists. With a mighty effort he put temptation from him and continued his search for the Swiss cheese sandwich that might be stolen or bought for a nickel.

Down the street he came to a shabby little cubby-hole between a saloon and a grocery store, wherein a Greek was frying delicious hamburger steaks and sausages. Ramon knew that they were delicious because he smelled them. He edged nearer and perceived a little pile of paper-wrapped squares at one end of the counter. Above the squares was this placard:

CHEESE SANDWICHES,
TEN CENTS.

"Ah, I see that you have cheese sandwiches," said Ramon in his politest Spanish, leaning his elbows upon the counter as near as he dared to those objects of his search.

"*Si,*" replied the Greek, proud to have understood. "*Yo hablo Espanol.*"

"Are they Swiss cheese sandwiches?"

"*Si senor.*"

"I do not like Swiss cheese. Perhaps you would prepare me a sandwich with the cheese of the Americans."

"*Si,* in a second."

The Greek turned to slice two wedges of bread from a loaf. As he did so Ramon's hand shot out and seized one of the despised Swiss cheese sandwiches. He tried to thrust it into the pocket of his jumper, or blue duck coat. With a sinking of the heart he realized that the opening was too small.

And the Greek had seen. He let out a yell, and around the corner came a burly policeman. Ramon started to flee and ran right into the arms of the officer, who brought him up with a jerk.

"Here, what's all the trouble?" the policeman demanded.

"He steal-a da san'wich," the Greek explained excitedly.

"Did you steal this?" the arm of the law questioned accusingly, taking the sandwich in his own hand.

Ramon's teeth were chattering. Guilt showed plainly on his face.

"You'll have to come with me to the station. You too, Diogenes, so you can 'swear to the complaint."

The Greek called someone to watch his lunch stand, and the trio started for the police station. Still shuddering, his legs about to double under him, Ramon was ushered into the presence of a stern-looking desk-sergeant. Captain Ramon knew in his heart that his career had come to an inglorious end. His honor as a *revoltoso* was lost. Besides, what were the Americans going to do to him for stealing that sandwich?

Impressively the policeman laid the sandwich on the desk and told the story of Ramon's infamous crime. Frequently the Greek broke in to add details. The sergeant did not seem to be deeply impressed and inquired of Ramon his name.

"Juan Bravo," lied Ramon.

He was entered in a great book as Juan Bravo and the sergeant gave orders that he be searched. Then Ramon knew that he was going to lose the nickel, the nickel that General Gallardo had entrusted to his care. He had failed to obtain the sandwich, the nickel was going to be taken from him, and he was not to be permitted to return to San Gavino.

"What's the Greek's name?" asked the sergeant.

For an instant the policeman turned from Ramon, whom he had just started to search. Like a flash, Ramon leaped through an open window. He alighted heavily on the ground below and pitched forward, skinning the palms of his hands

on the gravel walk; then he darted across the city-hall plaza.

The Greek was just behind him, shouting incoherently and waving his arms wildly. Farther back was the policeman, proceeding more leisurely and laughing, probably at the Greek. It was not his intention to expend much energy in chasing a sandwich thief.

Ramon burst through the swinging doors of a saloon and passed through a side door that led into a hotel office. Once in the office he checked his speed. He strolled nonchalantly to the plate-glass window in front and saw the Greek hurry into the saloon. Ramon waited till the policeman had also disappeared inside, and walked out upon the street.

The search for the Swiss cheese sandwich was resumed. Ramon found several places where such sandwiches were to be had but they were all ten cents apiece and there was never a chance to steal one. Several times he offered the nickel for one, only to have it refused with scorn.

Four hours had Ramon been absent from San Gavino. The general must be very hungry, he thought. So was Ramon.

The gods were good. When he was about to give up in despair he came upon a poor little lunch counter on a back street. Upon the counter were two piles of sandwiches and a placard:

SWISS CHEESE SANDWICHES
MADE TODAY, TEN CENTS.
MADE YESTERDAY, FIVE CENTS.

Ramon carefully extracted the nickel from the folds of the bandana and pushed it across the counter. He was handed a sandwich. Through the paraffin paper he felt it lovingly. The bread was somewhat dry and hard, but it was a Swiss cheese sandwich! The general had not specified that his sandwich must be of any particular age.

Tenderly, fondly, Ramon bore the sandwich toward San Gavino. He undid one corner of the paper and inserted his nose in the aperture, that he might sniff the deliciousness. He touched his tongue to the wedge of cheese that protruded from between the slices of bread. Would it make any difference if he ate just a little of the sandwich? Ah, but he had sworn as a man of honor that he would deliver the sandwich whole.

But what right had General Gallardo to expect a complete sandwich for half the price of one? Ramon felt in his heart of hearts that the general had no right whatever to demand more than half a sandwich for half a dime. Since he, Colonel (to be) Ramon Bernal, had succeeded in securing a whole sandwich for half the price, was not half the sandwich rightfully his?

Ramon withdrew into an alley and sat down in the shade of an adobe. He took the paper from the sandwich and paused. How was he to divide the sandwich without a knife? An empty tomato can at his feet gave him an idea. He worked a piece of tin loose from the top and with this severed the sandwich in the center.

One half Ramon devoured. Ah, but that was a perfect sandwich! What if it was a day old? The flavor was there; so was everything else but some of the moisture. Who wanted water in a sandwich, anyway? Water was to put under bridges.

The other half he carefully re-wrapped in the paraffin paper. Greatly refreshed, he hurried to the headquarters of General Gallardo.

"It's about time!" thundered the general when Captain Bernal was again admitted. "Do you think I can live forever upon the prospect of a cheese sandwich to eat? Where is it?"

Ramon held out the half portion that he had retained. The general seized it,

tore off the paper, and thrust the morsel into his mouth.

"But this is only half a sandwich," he shouted when he had gulped down the first mouthful. "Why did you not bring me a complete sandwich, *peon?*"

Ramon flinched under the insult but he replied with dignity:

"The price of a sandwich is ten cents. I was able to get only half of one for five."

The general stopped and examined the edge that had been cut by the tin from the tomato can.

"You lie!" he screamed. "You stole half the sandwich of your starving general. Traitor!

"Bah! You had better go back to herding burros. You know nothing of war. You are no general."

Gallardo took one step toward Bernal and struck him in the face.

This was too much for the proud Ramon to pass. He returned the blow and in an instant the two were rolling on the floor of the patio. Wild yells rent the air.

Just as Ramon climbed on top of the general and began to press his fingers into his antagonist's neck, the army swarmed in. A major and a lieutenant pulled Ramon off.

"What's the matter?" the army wanted to know.

"He called me a thief and struck me," charged Ramon, shaking his fist at Gallardo, now struggling to his feet. "Me, Colonel Ramon Bernal! Just after he had eaten a cheese sandwich."

This was all that was needed to turn the army against the general. While his soldiers had starved he had fattened on a cheese sandwich.

"*Abajo* Gallardo!" yelled some leading spirit. "*Abajo* Gallardo!" howled the the army. "*Viva* Ramon Bernal!"

Rough hands were laid on Gallardo and he was hustled out of the patio. Sundry kicks were applied where they would do the most good. Ramon was popular, and General Gallardo had been commanding the army too long for the army to like him. When he was outside he broke away from those who had once followed him and fled down the street toward the international line.

"*Viva* General Bernal!" shouted the soldiers, returning and gathering around Ramon. "He is the general who will lead us to freedom and to food."

"Your confidence is not misplaced, my brave men," said General Bernal when he could make himself heard. "You shall be led to freedom and to food. Across there, in the United States, lie both. I have a good friend there who will let us dig a sewer and pay us a dollar each day, in American money."

"Lead on! Lead on!"

"*Viva* Bernal!" applauded the army once more, as it invaded the United States.

The Snorers

BY ERNEST DOUGLAS

Here's a sure fine yarn of the most unique bet on record—$20,000 at stake to decide the champion snorer of Arizona! This is a bang-up funny story and we are happy to be able to pass it on to you.

IT was at the little junction town of Maricopa that I first heard of David Bishop, reputed to be the champion snorer of Arizona.

Having been told that they would have to wait till the next morning for a train into Phoenix, the passengers were wearily dragging themselves out of the day coaches and straggling across to Maricopa's two hotels situated side by side a hundred yards from the station. I strolled over where the proprietors were standing on their porches, loudly proclaiming the comforts and conveniences of their respective hostelries.

"This way! This way for a cool room and a quiet night's rest!" shouted Ed Wilkins of the Maricopa House.

"Best hotel between Tucson and Phoenix!" nasally asserted Jim McCartney of La Paloma. "You'll make a mistake if you don't stay at La Paloma tonight."

McCartney seemed to have persuaded at least two-thirds of the twelve or fourteen passengers that he offered the best accommodations. Wilkins saw that his rival was getting the greater share of the business. Just before La Paloma's first guest reached the entrance he cried warningly:

"Look out! Dave Bishop is stopping at La Paloma."

The broad-shouldered cowpuncher who led the way hesitated a moment and veered over toward the Maricopa House. Five or six others, who appeared to be Arizonans, laughed as though at a good joke and followed without delay. Two or three tourists appeared nonplussed but they followed the crowd. In a moment they were all lined up before Wilkins' register and McCartney was left alone.

"I'll get even with you for this, you burro thief! You claim jumper!" sputtered the disappointed Irishman.

I pursued the private car, Cyprus, down to a side-track, where it had been shunted by a switch-engine, and told Cleveland Mets about the mystifying occurrence.

"Who is Dave Bishop, that all those people should be afraid to stay in the same hotel with him?" I asked.

"Bishop is a banker who lives in Flagstaff," my employer replied. "He is supposed to be the champion snorer of Arizona, and I know of only one man who is in his class when it comes to that particular variety of nocturnal amusement. When he sleeps the walls of the building shake. He makes a pneumatic riveter sound like a gentle zephyr stirring the foliage of a leafless shrub. He can make a merry-go-round organ hide its face in shame and and resign from the noise-makers' union. I don't wonder that those people refused to put up at McCartney's joint. There isn't a hotel-keeper in Arizona who wouldn't be glad to pay Dave to stay somewhere else. But if he ever hears what Wilkins said he'll dynamite the Maricopa House, for he is as sensitive about his snoring as a doctor is about his deceased patients.

Instead of being proud to hold the snoring champion belt he'll tell you that his slumbers are as free from seismic disturbance as the repose of the Populist party. Sensitiveness is a general characteristic of snorers, I find."

"Do you know him well?"

"Yes, he's quite a friend of mine."

"Then," I smiled, "you probably want me to go over and invite him to spend tonight on the car. Neither of those hotels can be very good."

"Never!" exclaimed Mets. "I want to sleep tonight, not lie awake listening to Dave Bishop sleep. I said he was a friend of mine, and he is—in the daytime—but I prefer to have him sleep in another county. As it is, we're likely to hear the nearby thunder of battle."

Early in the evening a train from Phoenix brought in the Chiricahua, the private car of Martin Hopley, superintendent of the Cobre Verde mine, at Jerome. He and Mets, who was superintendent of the Gila Consolidated, at Globe, were great friends. Hopley and his secretary, little Jimmie Alden, came over to the Cyprus.

"Well, how's Metaphorical Mets?" demanded the portly, jolly Hopley as they entered. "Still holding down your new job, I see, Shumway."

"Barely able to be about," Mets replied, giving Hopley a dig in the ribs. "Yes, Shumway is still hanging to his job as secretary, but I can't make him as good a valet as you've made Jimmie."

Alden blushed and looked uncomfortable. There wasn't much humor in his make-up.

Hopley suggested a game of poker with a ten-cent limit. I knew the limit was for Alden and myself, for both Hopley and Mets had a reputation of playing for high stakes.

"I know little about the game," I said. "I'd prefer not to play."

"No time like this to learn, and we need you to fill in," replied Mets. "There's no one else we can get unless it's Dave Bishop, and I don't like to invite him over without asking him to stay all night."

"Is Bishop here?" inquired Alden.

I told about the incident at the hotels.

"There's no doubt that he has the world beaten when it comes to snoring," remarked Hopley. "Heard him lately, Cleve? I'd back him against a calliope any night in the week."

"I'm not so sure Bishop is the best snorer this state can produce," returned Mets. "There's a shift-boss over at the Gila Consolidated who is some snorer himself. He's been known to drown out the whistle at the smelter. Bishop has the championship but it's only because he and Steve Hawkins never snored together. If they did I believe that Steve would make Bishop sound like an anaemic infant gurgling over its milk."

"Bosh!" scouted Hopley. "I've heard Dave half a dozen times and you can't make me believe there's another man in the world who is in his class."

"I've heard both him and Hawkins and I know that Steve is the loudest," protested Mets. "Why, he's a bigger man that Dave, at least fifteen pounds heavier. The bigger the man, the bigger the snore."

"Not invariably. Bishop can outsnore any man at any weight. I have five thousand dollars that says so."

"I have ten thousand dollars that says he can't outsnore Hawkins."

"Covered."

They took check books from their pockets and wrote checks for ten thousand dollars apiece.

"Who's to hold the stakes?" Hopley asked.

"Let Alden hold mine and Shumway hold yours. They can fix it up when the bet is decided."

"That suits me."

Alden and I took the checks and stowed them away carefully in our bill books.

"Now, how are we to decide this bet?" inquired Hopley.

"We'll both be in Phoenix at the time of the state fair, next month," Mets replied. "Bishop is pretty sure to be there and I'll undertake to have Hawkins on deck. Adjoining rooms in a hotel ought to do."

"What about judges? Better have three, don't you think?" asked Hopley.

"Good idea! I'll name one, you one, and Shumway and Alden the other," answered Mets.

"I'll take Elmer Copeland, of Casa Grande. He's some snorer himself, I've heard," said Hopley.

"I've heard him, too. Frank Strickland, the undertaker up in Phoenix, is my man," Mets announced.

Alden and I withdrew importantly and in a few minutes brought in a report that George Long, a Phoenix mining promoter and politician, had been named as the third judge.

It was three weeks before I heard anything more about the snorers. One day Mets said to me casually:

"We leave for Phoenix day after tomorrow morning, Shum. Steve Hawkins must go along and win that ten thousand for me. I leave it to you to fix up some excuse for taking him. Don't let him know why he's wanted; there'll be trouble if he ever finds out. He has whipped half a dozen men and nearly killed two or three for mentioning his snoring."

I found Hawkins at Gila Consolidated Shaft No. 2 and called him into a toolhouse for a private conference. He was a rawboned Texan, at least six feet three inches in height, and proportionately broad. His weight must have been at least two hundred and fifty pounds. I looked at him admiringly, trying to imagine the mighty snores that must come from that herculean frame.

"The superintendent has a deal on over at Phoenix and he wants you to go along and see the fair," I said. "I think it has something to do with the employment of a bunch of men, but I'm not sure. You'll receive regular wages here, have all expenses paid, and see the fair every day."

"Huh? What does he want o' me?" Hawkins was suspicious.

"He needs your help, that's all. It means a lot to him and I hope you won't object to a little holiday."

"What about my old woman? We've been married ten year and I ain't never left 'er yet. S'pose we can take her along?"

I thought rapidly. A woman might be in the way when it came to deciding the snoring championship of Arizona.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'd better leave her here," I said. "We might have to make a pretty hard trip. Just tell her that the company is paying you double your usual wages and she'll let you go, I'm sure."

"Well, I'll talk to her about it and let you know in the mornin'."

The next morning Hawkins called at the office and told me that he would accompany us to Phoenix.

"Martha don't like the idea of me leavin' her and I don't like to go," he said, "but we're buyin' a house and we need the money."

That was Saturday, and Sunday night the Cyprus, with Mets, Steve Hawkins, and myself aboard, arrived in Phoenix. Three adjoining rooms had been reserved for us at the Adams Hotel.

Hawkins entered the lobby of the big hotel with noticeable trepidation. "This ain't no place for me," he whispered in my ear.

On the elevator he seemed to feel better, for he was accustomed to riding up

and down shafts in skips. But a few minutes after he had been shown into his room he knocked on my door.

"Say, I don't feel right in this here place," he said. "What's the matter with me sleepin' in the car. It's a whole lot finer'n what I'm used to, anyway."

I conveyed Hawkins' request to Mets, who smilingly consented.

"It was a mistake to bring him here, in the first place," Mets remarked later. "He'd keep the whole house awake if he slept here. This is a concrete building, you know, and his snores would resound from basement to garret like the boom of a collision between a wild bull and a brass drum."

The next morning I gave Hawkins a season ticket to the state fair, which began that day, and told him that he would be called for when needed.

That afternoon, during the horse races, the announcer in the judges' stand megaphoned the surprising information that a telegram had been received for Stephen Hawkins, in care of Cleveland Mets. I saw the bulky form of Hawkins emerge from the press far up in the grandstand and go down for the message. He tore it open and read it slowly. Then his eyes swept the rows of private boxes until they came to rest on the one in which Mets, Hopley, Alden, and myself were sitting. He made his way up to us and gave me the yellow slip. It read:

"Come home at once. So quiet without you I can't sleep.

Martha."

I wholly failed to repress several snickers as I passed the telegram to Mets. With a snort he showed it to Hopley, then turned to Hawkins.

"Wire your wife that you're getting five hundred dollars for this week's work. Tell her that if she can't sleep I'll have the whistles at the smelter blown constantly for her benefit."

"Yes sir." Hawkins was utterly bewildered. He could not understand how his services could be worth five hundred dollars a week when he had never received more than thirty-five dollars.

"Now wouldn't that rasp a road lizard!" Mets exclaimed. "That woman has become so used to sleeping at the side of that human battery of artillery that she can't rest without him."

That night Alden and I hunted for David Bishop. We learned that he was staying at a little hotel down near the railroad yards. The clerk said that all the rooms in the house were taken. Bishop had No. 16; on one side was No. 14 and on the other No. 18.

I asked to see the man in No. 14. He proved to be a dull young railroader. When I offered him ten dollars to relinquish his room he looked at me in amazement and accepted without asking any questions.

The guest in No. 18 proved more obdurate. He was a justice of the peace at Cornville, regarded himself as a person of importance, and said that he didn't want to move. He asked if accommodations in Phoenix were so scarce that we had to have that room and no other. I raised my offer to twenty-five dollars and he accepted.

We had the rooms on both sides of Bishop at our dispsal. It was with considerable satisfaction that I reported to Cleveland Mets the result of our evening's work.

"Good work, Shumway," he approved. "That ten thousand is as good as won right now. The next thing to do is to get our judges in line.

Two days passed before we could get the three judges to agree to place one evening at our disposal. They were all willing enough but other engagements were crowding them. Alden and I looked them up but we did not attempt to explain what they were to do. We left this to Mets, who had the faculty

of making anything sound plausible.

Wednesday evening at nine o'clock we had them rounded up in the Adams lobby. Long, the politician, was a huge, florid, rather good looking fellow who talked incessantly of what he would do were he governor or senator. He carried in his hand a book, "Frauds and Falsehoods of the Two Old Parties," which he used to gesture with. Strickland, the undertaker, was a rather thin, dried little man who never said anything except to suggest hesitatingly that it was about time for another drink. Copeland, an irrigation scheme promoter, said nothing at all. He was so fat that he looked most uncomfortable and had no place to put his hands except to clasp them in front of his protuberant stomach.

I caught my first glimpse of David Bishop. He was sitting in the lobby reading a magazine, and Alden pointed him out to me. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. He was apparently about forty years old, dark, with rugged features and a rather prominent nose. Evidently he was in splendid health. Alden said that healthy men snored loudest.

At 10.30 Bishop yawned, laid aside his magazine, looked at his watch, and left the hotel. Hopley bought another round of drinks and half an hour later we left for Hotel Sequoia.

Using a very mysterious manner, I had told Hawkins that he was to sleep in room No. 14. As we entered the hall on the second floor I knew that he had carried out the order. There was a steady purring noise, like a distant sawmill, which came from behind the door of No. 14.

"Dave's asleep already," Long whispered.

"Dave nothing!" scouted Mets. "That's my snorer that you hear. Isn't he a bird? Only he hasn't started yet. Just wait till he shoots her into high."

Our party entered No. 18. I paused at the door of No. 16 and heard Bishop moving around.

"Friends, we are here on an important mission," said Cleveland Mets when we were all inside No. 18. "We, that is, the judges—are to decide whether Mr. David Bishop or Mr. Steve Hawkins is the champion snorer of Arizona and a contender for the championship of the world. The desire of Mr. Hopley and myself, the promoters of this unique and unprecedented sporting event, is that everything be conducted in a fair, square, and impartial manner. We want this controversy settled strictly on its merits."

"I hope to be read out of my party if I don't fulfill the duty that I have undertaken," said Long.

Copeland and Strickland merely nodded gloomily. The sport did not seem to appeal to them.

"This is a good time for you gentlemen to listen to Mr. Hawkins," suggested Mets. "He ought to be going about now. Follow me, and don't make any noise. Say, isn't it too bad that these nifty little snorers of ours are so anxious to hide their talents under bushel baskets?"

We stood before No. 14 and listened to Hawkins' snoring. A young tornado was raging inside that room. Hawkins snored when he drew in his breath and when he expelled it. The glass of the transom was rattling.

Looks of amazement, almost of unbelief, overspread the faces of the three judges. Strickland and Copeland appeared interested for the first time.

"I didn't think any human being could do it," said Strickland in an awe-stricken whisper.

At the head of the stair appeared a tall, gaunt woman, accompanied by a bellboy who was carrying her satchel. They made straight for No. 14. Under the suspicious eyes of the boy we went back to No. 18.

The bellhop knocked on Hawkins' door several times before he got a response. I was standing with my head in the hall and finally heard the miner ask sleepily what was wanted of him.

"Your wife is here, Mr. Hawkins."

"Martha! What the—"

Hawkins threw open the door and stood in plain view, clad in flaming red underwear. The woman threw herself into his arms.

"Stevie! Stevie!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Stevie! I had such a time getting here, even after I found the car. And I'm almost dead for sleep. They blowed the whistle at the smelter and some o' the boys beat tin cans all around the house, but it wasn't like you, Stevie."

The giant "Stevie" drew his wife into the room. Shoving her bag in, the boy pulled the door shut and departed, a broad grin on his face.

Twenty minutes later Hawkins was snoring audibly once more. Bishop was likewise wrapped in thunderous slumber.

We stood before the door of No. 16 and the judges carefully noted the depth and volume of Bishop's snores. Then we moved to No. 14 and stood lost in wonderment.

The judges shifted uneasily from one door to the other. It was easy to see that they were having difficulty in reaching a decision. Finally we all went back to No. 18.

"I believe—I believe Hawkins is a little the loudest," Long said uncertainly.

"Rats!" scorned Strickland. "Bishop is the loudest. Not much, but a little. What about it, Elmer?"

"If you can tell which is the loudest you can do more than I can."

"Still, Dave may have been a little the loudest when he struck that snag," mused Long.

"Come to think about it, Hawkins struck several snags," interjected Strickland.

The judges looked at each other and shook their heads in indecision.

"They can't decide; neither can we," I whispered to Mets.

"I don't feel equal to deciding either way," Copeland declared. "There's a bunch of money up on this, I understand, and it wouldn't be fair to declare one the winner when, for all we know, the other may be slightly the louder snorer."

"You're right," agreed Strickland.

"Jury is unable to bring a verdict," reported Long.

"Shall we discharge the jury?" asked Hopley.

"Yes, we'll discharge this jury, but this thing has to be settled some way," Mets said grimly. "Let's go to bed."

As we stepped into the hall the clerk buttonholed me. "I'm sorry, but that friend of yours and his wife will have to go," he said. "All the guests in the house are complaining. Will you tell him or shall I?"

"Guests are complaining, are they?" I returned. "What about that fellow in No. 16?"

"He must go, too. I'm just going to tell him."

I turned to Mets inquiringly.

"That's all right," he said. "You tell Steve to go back to the car and I'll invite Dave to go there, too. They ought to get along pretty well together."

So we awoke Hawkins and I whispered to him to hurry back to the Cyprus and spend the remainder of the night there. He called to his wife, and they obeyed without protest. Hawkins wasn't running any chance of losing that five hundred dollars by asking questions.

Bishop gave us more difficulty. The clerk told him courteously that the guests were making complaint, and asked him to vacate his room.

"They kicked last night, too, sir," said the clerk. "Tonight several threatened to move out. It's all I can do, sir."

Mets hurried up, sputtering in an excellent imitation of rage and sympathy.

"Blamed outrage, Dave!" he stormed. "These people don't know how to treat a white man any more than a blond Eskimo knows how to treat to the drinks. Say, you just go right down to my car. Shumway will show you the way. My secretary, Mr. Shumway, Mr. Bishop."

"I guess I do snore sometimes," Bishop said sadly. "I've been told before that I do. I thank you, Mets. I'll have to accept your hospitality."

Hawkins was just beginning to purr smoothly and gently when we arrived at the Cyprus. I routed out the porter and he fixed a bunk for Bishop.

When I came down the next morning Cleveland Mets was sitting in the lobby chewing savagely at an unlighted cigar. He barely grunted in greeting.

"Mr. Mets!" called the bellboy. "Mr. Mets! Mr. Mets!"

"You don't have to let the Balkan allies know about it, kid," Mets said when the youth came near.

"Gentleman to see you, Mr. Mets."

"Show me to him."

A thin, bent, white-haired old man, wearing enormous spectacles, a grease-bespattered derby hat, and ill-fitting corduroy clothes, approached.

"Mr. Mets?" he inquired. He spoke with a decided German accent.

"That's my name in Arizona."

"I am Professor August von Dusenberg."

"Glad to meet you, Professor," returned Mets, offering his hand. "Won't you sit down?"

Professor von Dusenberg took a chair and leaned forward confidentially. "I understand you're a great capitalist," he opened.

"You've got me wrong."

"Ah, but you have enough. I want your help in marketing the greatest invention of the age."

"I've seen the 'greatest invention' before—several of it. What is it this time? Something to draw the sun, moon, and stars together? Or a patent political-exterminator?"

"No! No! It is something possible, something useful. I have invented a machine to measure sound."

Mets did not expire in astonishment, as the professor evidently had expected. After a moment's hesitation the inventor took a black case from one of his capacious pockets. From the case he took a metal disk about two inches thick and six inches in diameter. A short horn had its small end in the center. The upper side of the disk looked something like a dial of a scale, and the numbers ran up to one thousand. There was an indicator that stood at zero till the professor touched something underneath, when it moved slowly around toward the hundred mark.

"This little instrument, which I call a phenometer, is now measuring the sound within ordinary hearing distance," he explained. "See how it fluctuates as the hum of conversation rises and falls. I have divided sound into units, for purposes of measurement. This measures up to a thousand units, but I can make them to measure sound in any volume."

"Think of the possiblities, Mr. Mets! Simply unlimited! This—"

"Will it measure snores?" interposed Mets eagerly.

"Certainly! Sound of any—"

"That's all, then. Come here at ten tonight. I want to test your machine."

"I'll be here, Mr. Mets. Thank you."

Mets had hurried away to find Hopley before the professor had his phonometer back in its case.

Professor von Dusenberg was on hand long before the appointed hour. It was

half past ten, however, before we got the judges together again and started for the railroad yards. Mets introduced the entire party to the professor, who volubly explained his invention as we went along.

"Quiet," Hopley warned him as we climbed into the Cyprus.

"My God! Is that a man?" demanded the professor as the sound of Hawkins' snores reached our ears. Bishop, the porter told us, had not been at the car that evening.

Gently I opened slightly the door of the stateroom occupied by Hawkins and his wife. Professor von Dusenberg took out his phonometer, touched the spring that set it going, and set it on a chair. Fascinated, we watched the hand move around the dial.

Almost immediately the indicator had moved up to nine hundred. It hovered there a few seconds; then the snorer took a long breath and it went up to nine hundred and fifty. A series of staccato snorts ensued. The indicator advanced close to the thousand mark five or six times. Finally Hawkins "struck a snag" and the indicator registered a thousand units of sound. Something whirred inside the machine; the hand shot back to zero and stood still.

We looked at each other and roared.

"Nothing serious," the inventor hastened to assure us. "A little spring that is easily repaired, nothing more. But I must make a bigger phonometer to register this man's snores."

David Bishop bustled into the car.

"Hello, friends!" he greeted us gaily. "Just came down to get my suit case, Mets. I'm going to the hospital for an operation. Going to have an abnormal bony growth taken out of my nose, you know. The doctor says that after it's removed I'll never snore again."

Turn the Rascals Out

BY GERALD MORGAN

That two good men of different schools will often misjudge each other is illustrated in this amusing yarn. It's the courage test that makes men brothers, though in every thing else they may be as wide apart as the poles.

ONE cold bright day early in January, the Honorable William Kent, known to his Republican enemies as Willie Kent, was approaching the steps of the State Capitol in Indianapolis. He was feeling as well as he had ever felt in his life. This was partly due to the brisk walk which he had taken from his boarding house, a long, roundabout walk, for the city happened then to be in the throes of a street-car strike. But the real reason why the Honorable William Kent was feeling so well was because he had such pleasant thoughts about himself. Supervisor of his town at twenty-five, District Attorney of Versailles County at thirty, and now, at thirty-four, Speaker of the Indiana Assembly, no honor—Governor, Senator, President—seemed beyond his grasp. For from every stump in the state he had exhorted the voters in the name of the great Democratic party to turn the rascals out. The voters had stood behind him. And now, as he approached the Assembly Chamber, he surveyed the State House with the eye of a confident and successful commander.

But as he crossed the ante-room, his eye was caught, and most unfavorably caught, by the sight of a disreputable looking old man, who was sitting on a half-broken kitchen chair, tilted against the wall. Occasionally he rattled the back of the chair or scrabbled his feet upon the floor. He had on what once had been a fashionable Prince Albert coat, torn and shining with the collected grease of years; a soft black statesman's hat, with a hole in it; and the bottoms of his trousers were tucked into his cowhide boots. Long-stained whitish whiskers descended untidily at various angles from his chin, and from time to time he spat tobacco juice in the general direction of a convenient spittoon.

The Honorable William Kent paused to look at this old specimen of Republican degradation and inefficiency. The old specimen also directed his wandering glance at the Honorable William Kent. At this point there occurred a misunderstanding. The old man drew a black bottle from his pants' pocket and said, "Here, sonny, have a bite of this. It'll cheer you up."

It was fortunate for the old man that the full enormity of his conduct did not dawn on William Kent until he had passed through the ante-room and reached the Assembly Chamber. It was simply intolerable that he, one of the most promising young Democrats in the state of Indiana, a man beyond whose grasp no honor lay, should be thus insulted by an old Republican roustabout. At this moment he saw the Democratic floor leader, George Gray, and went straight to the point.

"Who's that man in the ante-room, George?" he asked.

"Why, that's old Sam Robinson, the doorman," replied Mr. Gray. "What's he been doing to you?" he added, noticing Kent's face was brick-red.

"He's drunk and disorderly and most impertinent," said Kent. "Can we fire him? How much does he get?"

"He gets seventy-five a month," answered Gray.

"Seventy-five a month!" exclaimed Kent. "Why, I know lots of good Democrats who'd be glad of the job for thirty. Can we fire him?"

"Well, we could fire him," replied Gray, warily. He was one of those old-timers who recalled the last time the Democrats had been in power, seventeen years before, and the mistakes they had made then. He believed in going slow. "Sam Robinson's been doorkeeper longer than anybody can remember," he added. "He's a G. A. R. man with a fine war record, you know, Bill."

"No, I don't know!" exclaimed Kent, angrily. "And what's more, I don't care. I do know that every Republican G. A. R. man in office claims to have won the battle of Gettysburg single-handed. That old rip has got to go! That's what we're here for, George,—to turn the rascals out."

"Well, Bill, if you must have Sam's hide, all right," assented Gray, artfully, "but I think you're making a mistake. When Joe Burns beat the Republicans in '84, he started to fire Sam. But he didn't. They said then, Sam had a grand record. And in '92, Jackson Miller had him up on charges, but he let him stick."

"Well, I'll warn him this time," replied Kent, somewhat impressed, "but if he's drunk or impertinent again, out he goes."

So after the business of the day was over, Kent, on his way through the anteroom, paused. Sam Robinson was still reclining on his tilted kitchen chair.

"Look here, Robinson," began Kent, in his official manner, "I'm Speaker of this House. You were most impertinent to me this morning and, besides, you had been drinking. If it happens just once more, you lose your job. Understand?"

Sam Robinson opened his half-closed eyes and surveyed the young man with interest. He took his time in replying. "Young feller," he said, "Speakers come and go, lots and lots of 'em. I bet I've seen forty Speakers in this here State House, one time or another. But I've been here ever since the War, young feller, before you was weaned."

The Honorable Wiliam Kent had listened to these remarks with considerable impatience. "Very likely you've been here ever since the War," he replied bitterly, "and very likely you've been drunk ever since the war, too. But if I catch you drunk or misbehaving again, out you go! Do you hear that?"

Old Sam Robinson slowly considered these remarks. Kent, erect and angry, waited for an answer.

"I wouldn't know what to do," replied the old man finally, "if I lost my job here."

"That's your affair," retorted Kent, bluntly. And he walked away.

He paused for a moment on the steps of the Capitol, considering. The thought "insolent bum!" revolved in his brain and flushed his cheeks. He was also annoyed that, because of the police cordon, which was pretending to keep order in the street-car strike, he would have to walk at least three miles to his home. But it was Sam Robinson who had practically spoilt his whole day,—a day which had begun with excellent prospects. Especially he disliked being called "sonny" and "young feller." Of course he was thirty-four, a grown man and beyond such pettiness, but as a statesman his comparative youth rankled, and as he descended the steps he articulated three words to the world at large. They were, "Damned—old—bum!"

During the next few days all went well, for Sam Robinson had been induced to behave with exemplary civility; and all might have continued to go well,

had it not been for the annual reunion in Indianapolis, of the Veterans and Sons of Veterans Association, G. A. R., Camp 159, General Lewis Vail commanding. Gen. Vail, until his retirement ten years before, had been the Republican leader in Indiana in the golden days of Republican supremacy, as well as the patron, comrade-at-arms, and friend of Sam Robinson.

"When I sees Lew Vail," Mr. Robinson was in the habit of saying, "I gets what you'd rightly call drunk." This was certainly no overstatement of fact, and on this occasion Sam Robinson had been sober for nearly a month. He fell from grace with a noise like that of the fall of a large, tough old tree, and half Indianapolis knew it before morning.

William Kent belonged to that half of Indianapolis which did not know it. He entered the ante-room of the Capitol the next morning, suspecting nothing. Sam Robinson was there in his usual tilted position, but Mr. Kent hardly noticed him. It was Mr. Robinson's habit, no matter what had happened on the previous night, to be on the job, drunk or sober, in the morning. This morning he was drunk. His bleary and unsteady eyes rested upon the Honorable William Kent, but his memory tricked him. He saw only a young man, finicky looking, bumptious, and critical. From his trousers' pocket he drew the forbidden black bottle. From his mouth proceeded forbidden words:

"Have a bite of this, bubs," he said. "It'll do you good!" And a freckle-faced page, who happened to be standing in the vicinity, permitted himself to laugh.

The Honorable William Kent simply choked with rage. "You old bum!" he fairly yelled. "Here's where you lose your job, you old rip! Just you wait! I'll get you quick enough!" Still choking, he left the ante-room. The eyes of Mr. Robinson followed him with a sort of mild astonishment.

"What's eatin' him?" he asked the page.

The Honorable William Kent walked across the Assembly Chamber straight to where George Gray, the Democratic floor leader, was sitting.

"George," he said, "Robinson's drunk again. He's insupportable!—He's a public disgrace!—This time he's going sure!"

Gray looked up. "As Speaker," he said, "it's within your authority to discharge him."

"No, I won't do that," Kent answered. "We'll have a public hearing before a special committee. There's cause for this, and I mean everybody to know. You and I will act for our side, and I'll get Frank Jones—Frank has seen him drunk. For the Republicans, I'll appoint the regular leaders, Cramp and Pearson. We'll meet this afternoon at four, in one of the committee rooms."

"All right," replied Gray, "if you say so."

So that afternoon, after the regular session of the legislature had been adjourned, the five designated members of the special committee filed gloomily into the committee room. Not one of them was exactly pleased with the job. The two Democrats and the two Republicans sat together, three chairs intervening. Kent stood behind the chairman's table.

"I call this committee to order," he said, "to inform them of the behavior of the doorkeeper of this house. If, after my own testimony and that of Mr. Jones, anyone can show cause why the doorkeeper should not be removed, I shall be glad to hear him." He told the story of the bottle briefly. Jones followed, adding three of four other instances of gross misbehavior.

"I shall be glad to hear from you, Mr. Cramp," Kent said, "before we vote."

"I haven't anything to say myself," Cramp answered, "but this is a public hearing, isn't it?"

"Certainly," replied Kent.

"Then I've a witness here who wants to speak for Robinson," said Cramp. He got up, went to the door, and opened it. There was a tap-tap-tapping down the corridor. "Come in, General," he said.

A majority of the committee had never seen General Lewis Vail before. Kent, in particular, glanced with curiosity toward the man whom, in times past, they used to call the Grey Hawk of Indiana. He stumped in on his wooden leg. He looked thin and bent and infirm.

"Take a seat," said Kent, politely.

"Thank you, I'll stand," replied the general. One hand upon the chairman's table supported him. "Mr. Speaker," he began slowly, "I'm out of politics. I've just come to say a few words for an old friend." Their eyes met, and Kent at once realized the power of this man who, for thirty years, had ruled the State of Indiana with absolute authority and had abdicated that authority solely at his own good pleasure. Infirm, he no longer seemed. His hand, as he grasped the table, was like an eagle's talon. His eyes, sunk behind gray brows, were blue and clear. His clothes bagged upon his sinewy body like feathers on an old bird. He seemed perched—perched, and ready still to swoop.

"Young men," he began quietly, "Sam Robinson and I fought through the War together."

"The War's over," interrupted one of the Democrats, suddenly.

"Over before you were born," continued the general, quietly, "I know that. Peace hath her victories, I know. But, gentlemen, we served the nation in our time, and no man in the Union Army served her with greater faith than Sam Robinson. You say he gets drunk, that you can call other witnesses. I do not need your witnesses. Of course he gets drunk. He's been doing it since sixty-one. But drunk or sober, gentlemen, Sam Robinson was a great big fighting man."

"I suppose General Grant couldn't have gotten along without him," interrupted Kent. "You know we Democrats have heard this sort of thing before, General," he added, less rudely.

"Yes, Sam was with Grant," General Vail continued undisturbed. "I'll tell you about it. He and I enlisted together. We weren't twenty then. Colburn was captain of our company. They shot Tom Colburn in the year '62, in a skirmish. He was lying out in a field with trees all round it, and the enemy still shooting. There was a bullet through his lungs; somebody had to get him. Sam got him. He walked right out there—one bullet went through his hat, another through his arm—and lifted Colburn on his shoulder and carried him back. Sam was a strong man in those days. The enemy stopped shooting and cheered him. He was promoted for that, but I had to reduce him later—I was captain by that time—for"—the general paused—"for getting drunk." He looked around him, and smiled.

"Then, afterwards, he got two medals for bravery and each time he had to be taken from the guard-house to receive them." The general laughed. "Oh, yes, he hasn't changed. Just the same old Sam.

"But perhaps you haven't heard what he did at Ball's Bluff—time flies—most people used to know that. There was a place called Coulter's Hill, entrenched of course. It was the key to the enemy's position. Grant ordered it taken. Now, gentlemen, I understand war—I lost this leg three weeks before Lee surrendered—and I did not believe that position

could be taken. Hawke's battalion tried it first. We stood by and saw them jump from their cover. It was only about four hundred yards to the top of the hill. Hawke and two hundred more were killed before they were halfway up. When the smoke cleared away, the hillside was blue with the uniforms of dead men. Then Chilton's battalion charged. It broke before Hawke's had. Then they told us to try it. I was major. I saw a little rock about two-thirds up. I meant to get there anyhow. So we started. I got to that rock and lay behind it. I looked round for my men. They had quit. Half of them had not charged at all. Then I looked out in the direction of Hawke's dead men. There was Sam Robinson sitting down in the open, eating a ham sandwich and yelling to his comrades to come on. The earth of the hillside was rising round him in little gray spurts, like a puddle of water in the rain. It was only God's miracle he wasn't killed. And then my men came on with some of Hawke's and Chilton's. Sam Robinson took Coulter's Hill with a musket in one hand and a ham sandwich in the other. And he has a medal from Grant himself, to prove it.

"Gentlemen, as a private that man enlisted for the war and as a private he was mustered out; but in four years he never faltered once. To be the first to reach the enemy,—that was all he knew. Now do what you like with him."

For an instant no one spoke. The three Democrats were plainly impressed. Only a straw was needed to turn the balance either way, and Cramp, the Republican minority leader, furnished it.

"And that's the man," he exclaimed bitterly, "whom Kent wants to fire because he called him 'bubs'!"

There was a single short laugh,—half of relief. Kent looked up. Even the Democrats had not refrained, and the color rose to the very tips of his ears.

"I don't care what Robinson did fifty years ago!" he exclaimed hotly. "The State's paid him long enough for that. In my capacity as Speaker, I shall discharge him. Mr. Jones, do you agree? Mr. Gray, do you?"

"It's up to you, Bill," Gray said. "The committee has no real jurisdiction, but I'm behind you."

"So am I," Jones said. "The War's over, anyhow."

General Lewis Vail rose to go. At the door he paused. "All I have to say to you, William Kent," he remarked quietly, "is that may God have mercy on you when you're old. Goodnight."

The tap-tap-tapping of his wooden leg echoed along the corridors of the State House distantly, and more distantly, and no man spoke until the sound of it had died. Then Cramp said:

"Well, Kent, I suppose we may as well adjourn."

William Kent was very glad to reach the open air. He stood on the steps of the Capitol and took a long deep breath. It was a clear cold starlit January night. The snow crunched and crackled under the feet of the passers-by. A lighted, electric trolley-car stood out in front of the Capitol, surrounded by a number of dark figures, one of whom detached itself, and approached the steps.

"Hello, Bill Kent, is that you?" the figure said. "It is, is it? I thought I recognized you. I'm Jim Pennock."

"Hello, Jim," replied Kent, warmly, "what are you doing so far from Versailles County?"

"Didn't you know? The Governor's called us out on strike duty. I'm captain of the company,—those are the boys over there. We're going to run a car through."

"Are you!" exclaimed Kent. "Well, I'll just come along with you, if I may."

"Sure you may," replied Pennock. "We want one or two passengers any-

how, just for the effect. Come on!"

Kent followed the captain into the car and shook hands with the men of the company, almost all of whom he knew. It was fine and friendly and homelike, and it made Kent forget his troubles. Just as the car started, he heard a voice which he had heard before.

"Going through?" it asked. "Kin I come along?"

"Come along, old feller," replied one of the militia. "Jump!"

And into the car walked Sam Robinson, inevitable as fate. At once he recognized William Kent. "Hello, sonny," he remarked intimately. "It's a shame to order these boys out of their nice warm armories, ain't it?"

Kent turned toward Captain Pennock, who was sitting beside him. "Let's go out on the front platform, Jim," he said.

They walked out and stood, one on each side of the motorman. "This fellow don't understand English," Pennock said, "except 'scab' I suppose. He's a Russian, or something,—same as the strikers. We haven't had any trouble at all,—this is our fourth trip. By the way, who's that old man who spoke to you just now, Bill?"

"Oh, that's an old bum I've had some trouble with," Kent answered.

"Struck me he was pretty fresh," resumed Pennock, "with that crack about armories."

"He's fresh all right," Kent said.

"Well, I've a half mind to put him off," concluded Captain Pennock. "If he weren't so old, I would. This is a bad section of the town, too. Not enough lights—"

Kent reached down to strike a match. He heard the whir of something passing close by his ear. There was a soft crunching noise. He turned, saw the motorman open his mouth, push out one hand, and collapse quietly on the platform floor. The car stopped. There was a yell, and the sound of breaking glass. A brick smashed on the handle of the motor. A soda bottle struck the rim of the car roof, ricocheted, and hit Pennock between the shoulder blades. Kent saw him dive over the opposite step, off the car, and tried to follow. Inside, he caught a glimpse of a jam of men at the other door, crowding each other over the back platform. Suddenly something hard and heavy crashed against the back of his head. He saw stars, subsided weakly over the farther step, staggered, and sank down alongside the car, but in its shelter.

His loss of consciousness was only a matter of a second; he came to his senses with an awful ache at the back of his head, but no loss of memory. Beside him he heard a voice:

"You keep away from me, you damn Eye-talian Polacks!" it exclaimed shrilly.

Kent opened his eyes. Sam Robinson was standing up beside him, Pennock's rifle leveled and cocked. In front, just at the corner of the car platform, a man lay sprawled out, still bleeding. At the other side of the car the shuffling of many feet and the gutteral sounds of Slavic speech indicated the presence of the strikers.

"What happened?" whispered Kent.

"Strikers rushed us," replied Sam Robinson, curtly. "Say, sonny, if you ain't much hurt, just grab that pistol lying beside you—them militia left most everything when they went away just now; I never saw anybody run faster than your friend the captain—and watch the back end of the car. These muts of Polacks ain't yet realized that a streetcar has got two ends. But they might."

Kent reached for the pistol, picked it up, and turned to the rear. Far down the street he saw a clump of men. The militia, unpursued, had stopped and rallied

"I think the soldiers are coming back, Mr. Robinson," he said meekly.

"Tell 'em to hurry then," Sam replied. "Charge!" he yelled, his old thin voice rising like the whistle of a tugboat and echoing down the street. "Listen to that!" he added, in disgust.

From the other side of the car came the sound of the smashing of wood, the scratching of matches, and finally a smell of smoke.

"Here I am," resumed Sam Robinson, calmly, "trying to protect the property of the street-car company, which I ain't paid to do. Them Polacks ain't never satisfied except when they're burning something. Hey, sonny, are the boys coming?"

"They're coming, Mr. Robinson," replied Kent, "but not very fast."

"I'll hurry 'em," said old Robinson grimly. "Come on, sonny."

He turned, and as he trotted round the back end of the car, he let out his old steam-whistle screech. The Poles, twenty or thirty of them, were crowded round the fire they had just lit underneath the car, but the advance of the militia, although stealthy—that was exactly what it was—had not been lost on them. The yell was disturbing.

"Shoot your pistol, sonny!" old Robinson shouted, and he began to open up with his repeater, over their heads. The Poles wavered, caught a glimpse of the militia, now beginning to run, dropped their lighted sticks, and scattered into the darkness like mischievous boys.

Old Sam Robinson began to kick the fire to pieces, laughing. "There's a fine crowd, sonny," he said, "to chase away Indiana troops. They'll be back, soon, now."

At that very moment the militia arrived breathless. "Are you safe?" exclaimed Captain Pennock dramatically.

"Hello, Cap," replied Sam, kicking away at the fire. "You had to go back quite some distance to find your command, didn't you?" The captain subsided. "Sure we're all right. The motorman's hurt, and I had to shoot one Polack. He's lying over there, on the other side of the car. You'd better get him. And sonny here, he's had his head cracked, but I guess he's all right." He continued to kick the fire.

"Well!" said one of the militia, "This is a grand thing you've done, old man. You'll get a medal for this, sure."

Old Sam Robinson did not reply at once, but when he did, his answer was both abrupt and sincere.

"To hell with medals!" he exclaimed briefly. "Most generally you can't even hock 'em!"

About a week later, the Honorable William Kent was passing through the ante-room, on his usual morning walk to the Assembly Chamber. Sam Robinson was tilted on his broken-backed chair.

"Good-morning, Sam," said the Speaker.

"Mornin', bubs," replied Mr. Robinson.

The Honorable Wiliam Kent stopped and grinned. "Say, Sam," he said, "I hear the Prohibitionists are going to get in next year. You'll lose your job then, sure."

"The Democratic Party's bad enough," replied Mr. Robinson, impolitely, "without that riff-raff. Say, I hear you fellers are going to give me a raise to a hundred and fifty a month."

The Speaker nodded.

"That's better than medals," continued Mr. Robinson, concisely. From his pocket he drew the black bottle. "Have a swig of this, bubs," he said. "It'll do you good."

"It's pretty early, but I don't mind if I do," replied the Honorable William Kent. He put the bottle to his lips and drank a man's size drink. "Here's good luck to you, Mr. Robinson," he said.

The Case of Willowby's Chin

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

Nature plays pranks, as this story proves. Also appearances are deceiving. This being an account of the adventures of a young man who looked like a gunboat and was really a cat-boat.

LIKE the rest of us, Grant saw this man Willowby for the first time when we were at college. It was the night of the wrestling bouts, and two or three hundred boys sat in a wide ring on the grass, behind the gymnasium. Next to Grant, among the other freshmen, was a boy with a chin that stuck out about an inch from where it belonged. The oil from a torch kept dripping on this boy's neck, and Grant noticed that he never objected, or fixed the torch, or even moved; he just sat there, meek as milk, and wiped off the oil with a perfumed handkerchief.

A big senior, who was master of ceremonies, strutted across the grass and yelled:

"Middle-weight wrestler wanted from the freshman class! Speak up, freshmen! Who is he?"

Nobody stirred, or made a sound. We blinked at the senior like scared rabbits. He looked along the line, then suddenly he grinned and jumped for the fellow with the perfumed handkerchief, grabbing him by the shoulder.

"You look the part!" said he. "You'll do! Peel your shirt! What's your name?"

"Willowby, sir, Li—Li—Lionel Willowby," stammered the boy.

"Li—Li—my grandmother!" snorted the senior. "With that jaw? Never!" And he waved both arms in the air and shouted around at the circle. "The middle-weight of the freshmen," he bawled, "is Brute Willowby!"

That was the way in which Willowby was re-christened. Then he was stripped to the waist, so that he blushed like a Harvard flag, and thrown promptly and neatly, the first round in twenty-two seconds, and the next in seven.

After this slaughter was over, a group of freshmen gathered around the martyr, although not a soul knew him, and said things to him to make him feel better.

"Sandy work, Brute!" they said, and "What's the matter with electing Brute class foot-ball manager, tomorrow?"

"That isn't my name, please," he protested weakly, and limped away.

Grant was sorry for Willowby, and he introduced himself and helped Lionel to his boarding house. Willowby seemed very grateful and asked Grant upstairs. He had two luxurious rooms, equipped by a rich, old maid of an aunt, who had brought him up and supervised his private tutors, for he had never been to a school. A grand piano occupied most of the sitting room, and the rest of it looked to Grant like one continuous cozy corner.

Willowby flopped on a divan and rubbed his chin.

"Brute, hey?" said he, plaintively. "I didn't come to college to be a brute, or a wrestler, or the manager of a freshman foot-ball team. I never saw any wrestling in my life, Grant, until tonight. I've got no use at all for foot-ball. I came

to college to study classical literature. Brute be hanged! I want to make a poet out of myself."

Grant laughed. "Then go ahead and make one," said he. "That's up to you, isn't it? Why should you let other people try to make anything else out of you?"

"Well, I don't know!" murmured Lionel, with sort of a helpless smile. "It saves trouble. I hate to have rows with people, and so when they ask me to do anything—well, I don't know!"

At that, Grant guessed the truth about Willowby, although he told nobody for several years. The fact was that Lionel's aggressive chin was a mere mockery. In appearance he was a crusader; in fact, a troubadour. And, because of his looks, people were always expecting him to do strenuous things. It was out-and-out tyranny, this domination of Willowby's chin over Willowby himself.

The next day, for instance, the freshmen elected him business manager of their foot-ball team, because his chin had made him prominent. His picture was printed in the local paper, and the varsity captain noticed the set of the jaw, and sent for Willowby to play on the scrub eleven.

Willowby was in a panic. He put up the flimsy excuse that being manager kept him too busy to play. Then he had to make the excuse good, and he invented all sorts of jobs for himself, until he came to be known as a hustler. The result was that, by the time we had finished our four years, Willowby had been elected manager of pretty nearly everything in college; and the grand piano was dusty, the classics cut out, and poetry potted. He graduated with a low stand.

"Never mind!" said Willowby to Grant, on the train to New York. "You've heard what I'm going to do, haven't you? I've got letters to Bullock—the big publisher, you know—and I'm going to strike him for an editorial position on *The Fount*, that classy poetical magazine of his. I've taken a studio-apartment off Washington Square, Bohemia, you know. Come down and see me."

Grant and I went down, about a week afterward. Willowby, wearing a velveteen coat and loose, red necktie, was lying on a kind of Japanese hammock arrangement in the studio. He gave us his left hand because his right had court-plaster all over it.

"Is this the editor of *The Fount?*" asked Grant.

Willowby coughed.

"Bullock took one long look at me," he sighed, "and gave me a place in the shipping department, where they box up books. Everybody around there says I am lucky, but—oh, thunder!" And Willowby rapped his chin with his knuckles, as if he wanted to break it off.

"Grow a beard," advised Grant.

The result was awful. I saw it in a surface car during the autumn. It stuck straight out, like a bracket. An old lady across the aisle complained that the conductor had insulted her and immediately picked Willowby as the proper person to chastise him, so we got off the car and walked.

"They always do that," groaned Lionel. "In the apartment house, where I live, they're always asking me to call down the janitor for them. Me!"

I left the book-shipper at his studio, and went on to dine with Grant, and Grant told me a very astonishing thing.

Willowby, it seemed, was in love with Dulcie Faye! Not that it was anything extraordinary for the average person to fall in love with Dulcie; most of us had done so, at one time or another. She was a tall, calm, slender, smooth-haired, stained-glass-window sort of beauty, who went in strong for high-church curates and Italian cameos. But

it was extraordinary that Willowby, with a face like a medieval pirate's, should think he had a chance.

"And it's serious as can be," said Grant.

He had been spending a week at the Fayes on Long Island, and Willowby had been there for the Sunday.

"If that chin of his isn't a regular Nemesis, then I don't know," went on Grant. "It did him at college, and it did him at Bullock's, and it'll do him in his love affair, you see if it won't. The match wouldn't be so bad, really, but do you think that Dulcie can imagine herself sitting across a breakfast table every morning from a chin like Willowby's? Not on your life! By-the-by, you're going to be invited to the Faye's next house-party."

Grant was invited, too, and so was Willowby, minus the beard. The three of us slept in the bachelor bungalow, with the Marden boys and Captain Braithwaite, for there was a big party that crowded the Faye's country-house. Lionel was so dead in love that he was a perfect nuisance; and by the way that Dulcie dodged being alone with him, you might have thought they did not speak the same language, and that she constantly needed an interpreter around.

Her brother, Jack Faye, was a master of hounds, and the whole family, except Dulcie, talked horse at the slightest excuse. During dinner, the first evening, it appeared that there was to be a drag-hunt in the morning.

"Of course you ride, Willowby?" said old Mr. Faye, who was more horsey than any of them.

Willowby cared for horses about as much as a canary does for bull-dogs, and knew less; but he felt obliged to nod.

"Why, by Jove, Willowby!" laughed Jack. "I've just bought a hunter that's named after you. I'll mount you on him tomorrow."

"Named after me?" murmured Lionel blankly.

"Yes," said young Faye. "His name is 'The Brute.' "

Dulcie, who was sitting between two curates, looked across at poor Willowby. One could see by her eyes that she had never heard his freshman nickname before, and that it struck her as highly appropriate. Willowby saw her eyes, and they almost demolished him, so that in the bungalow that night, over Irish-and-soda, he talked plainer than usual to Grant and me.

"It's no use," he fretted, "I'm under a curse, or behind one, rather. I'll never get over it. My beast of a chin is spoiling my life. I hope that horse kills me in the morning. He's already killed a groom."

However, it rained in the morning, and the meet was called off. We played pool, and loafed over the stables and the stock-farm, where Mr. Faye made a specialty of Herefords and Jack of game-cocks; and after luncheon there was music in the drawing-room. Dulcie sang beautifully, but before she began she glanced coolly at the end of the piano, over which Willowby was leaning, and spoke to him in her calm voice.

"Won't this be certain to bore you, Mr. Willowby?" said she. "I believe my brother is showing off his pets in action to the Marden boys at the chicken-house. I'm sure cock-fighting would interest you more than music."

Willowby had not the courage to answer a word. He slunk off to the smoking-room, where Braithwaite was telling army stories to Grant. Grant was hanging around the house, because Rose Carlyle was expected by the afternoon train. They were very nearly engaged.

Army stories entirely failed, of course,

to appeal to Willowby, but he endured an hour of them before he went out of the smoking-room door to the rear piazza. Music was still going on inside, apparently in order to remind Lionel of what Miss Faye had just said to him. He walked along the piazza and across the court to the porch of the servant's hall, where the tall butler, and the second-man, and a gardner, and two or three maids were gossiping sociably. Perhaps he felt a good deal like a footman himself. At any rate, he stopped at the porch and asked for a light for his cigarette.

He was scratching the match when a maid-servant screamed. Willowby glanced up. Across the lawn was a runaway pair of horses, pulling a covered buckboard. A man in livery was on the front seat, but as the harness had broken he was helpless, and the horses were galloping like mad, directly toward a sunken garden. Between the curtains of the carriage, a woman's veil fluttered out. "It's Patrick," screamed the maid-servant. "Patrick went to the station after Miss Carlyle! It's Patrick and Miss Carlyle!"

Then the butler and the rest of the servants all looked hard at Willowby. It was only for an instant, but even in the short space of time Willowby perceived that his chin had elected him for the heroism-act. He knew by their eyes that if he did not live up to his chin at that moment, the gossip of the servants would always disgrace him.

He might have called on the butler and the second-man, but instead he ran down alone through the sunken garden. He was so frightened that he scarcely realized what he was doing; nobody in his senses would have jumped straight up at the horses. But this turned out to be the only right thing, after all.

The horses were so amazed by Willowby jumping as if out of the ground at them, that they reared, and swerved, and one fell. Patrick was on the grass like a flash, and the business was safely over—except for Willowby. He lay in a heap, breathing with queer little whistles.

The screaming had brought everybody from the house in time to see the whole thing, and most of us had scrambled across the garden before the girl inside the carriage managed to get out. She was Dulcie Faye. She had gone to the station to meet Miss Carlyle, but Rose had missed the train.

Of course we were chiefly concerned with Lionel, who was unconscious, but I could not help noticing Dulcie. She stood there, looking down at Willowby, and she never in her life seemed more like a saint from a church window.

"For my sake!" she kept whispering. "He did it for my sake!" But Grant cynically reasoned afterwards, in his fanciful way, that it was done for the sake of Willowby's chin, and not for her sake at all.

Old Mr. Faye came puffing up, swearing that it was the bravest piece of work he had ever heard of, and we carried Lionel to the house. There Jack Faye, for once in his existence, had a valuable thought, and remembered that McDonald, the famous surgeon, was staying at Southampton, and sent over there for him.

In the meantime, Grant and I took charge of Willowby. Every minute or so, Dulcie begged through the door to help us, but we could not allow her, because Lionel was a scarey sight; the pole had struck him and battered him badly. For all that, we were not sure that he was unconscious now, as he appeared to be, although he did not speak or move. Grant beckoned me into a corner of the bedroom.

"I believe he's just letting go," said Grant. "Do you remember what he

hoped that 'Brute' horse would do to him this morning?"

Dr. McDonald was a big, quiet, confident man. We felt a hundred per cent. better the minute he sat on the bed and a thousand per cent. when he stood up, quarter of an hour later, and stretched his arms.

"Nothing dangerous," he said.

There was a crazy sort of moan from the pillow.

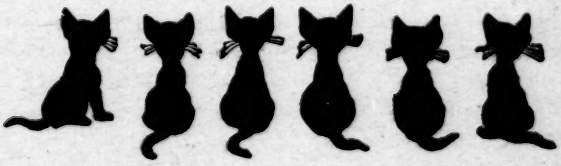
"I shall operate on the jaw," went on McDonald. "Some of the bone has to come out. Your friend must lose the overhang of that fighting chin of his."

And then Lionel opened his eyes and spoke as distinctly as anybody.

"Thank the Lord!" he exclaimed, with real reverence.

Naturally, that is all there is to tell about Willowby's chin, except, perhaps, that Grant and I were ushers at the wedding. While we were going up the aisle, and Willowby was waiting at the chancel for Dulcie, Grant heard a woman in a pew talking to her neighbor.

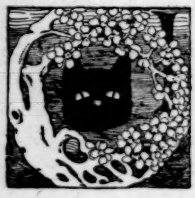
"He hasn't a strong profile," she remarked. "But then, my dear, you can't always judge a man by the shape of his face."



Over the River

BY FRANK H. BLIGHTON

In a delirium of fever a newspaper reporter sees the call of death. This is a vivid piece of imagination dealing with a thought that some time or another has come to us all.



IN health, George Graves edited baseball news on a Quaker City daily. Now, aflame with fever, he tossed restlessly on a cot in Jefferson Hospital.

In delirium he sometimes cheered ghostly ball players or sat up in bed to better write imaginary snappy narratives of the drama his heated brain unfolded before him. When rational, his sparkles of wholesome wit, his calm courage, and pleasing courtesy gave zest and spirit to the surgical ward where he lay.

The medical wards were overflowing, every private room was engaged, hence Graves was allowed to trespass on the good graces of "Big Jim" Kennedy, the house surgeon for the surgical section. He had once roomed in the same flats with the newspaper man and took a lively interest in his welfare.

The usual crisis was near for Graves. His friends on the paper had chipped in generously, from managing editor to copy boys, and the best physicians in the city were his attendants. His condition was serious. A black depression shadowed his desk in the Broad street skyscraper.

He woke at midnight, entirely rational. There was a bustle at the door. Someone was brought in on a stretcher. A bed next his own was prepared, the figure was lifted into it. Graves thought he saw two sleek Chinamen standing near, looking with sad faces at the bed. When they had gone, to make sure, he called Kennedy.

"Thlee Lung, Chink," said the doctor. "The chaps you saw by the bed are his brothers. Rich, but has bad case peritonitis. Native doctor on Race Street prescribed yellow paper with tumble-bug sauce, to cast out the devils in his body. Only one chance for him—operation tomorrow, washing out of abdominal cavity with saline solution—may live, may die."

The foot of the Chinaman's bed was propped up rather high when Graves woke the next day, near noon. The faint smell of ether came to him. Presently the patient began to jabber. Graves sat up in bed, his matted hair clustering in wads around his gaunt face, with its ragged ends of fever beard. But his eyes sparkled, and a smile twitched the corners of his mouth. His friends scented fun.

"Thlee Lung will now give the Chinese version of a Swiss mountaineer yodelling," he sputtered. "One lung would fail! Observe him carefully, gentlemen!"

As the etheric sleep steadily lifted from the Chinaman, he renewed his jabbering, mixing our English profanity with plaintive high-keyed blats in his mother tongue. At the first pause, Graves spoke again:

"Imitation of a steamboat making a landing. Notice particularly the whistle and its absolute fidelity to nature!"

Piping yelps, ludicrously like the whistle, immediately followed. The Chinaman's after-operation agony was intensified by his high fever. In spite of the seriousness of the case the other patients roared with laughter at the predictions and their humorous realization.

"Be a good boy, Mr. Graves," said the nurse, coming up to his bed. "Lie down and try to sleep."

Graves had a rise of two degrees in temperature, and the ice-water tub was rolled to his bedside. He stood it like the game fellow that he was, and experienced much relief when wrapped in a blanket afterward.

Presently he found himself on the brink of a very high cliff. Over its edge ran a wire cable, and hanging from it were many ropes, each attached to a stout pulley which ran along the top of the cable.

Garbed and bearded like the pictures in the family Bible, a patriarch stood near the cliff's brink, writing in a huge book the names of people who came there.

Each arrival caught one of the ropes and slid over the edge of the cliff, suspended from the heavy cable. All shot down into the dense mist below and vanished. Their destination was hidden from view.

The throng was very large and it seemed to Graves that they would never stop coming. It reminded him of the crowds arriving at the city parks on a sultry Saturday night. Grave-faced men with frock coats and silk hats were there; women of the gutter; children and even babes; swarms of workingmen and youths and maids. Every type of humanity, every color and every garb that Graves had ever seen in the world's activities or beheld in pictured presentation, was there. The panorama of personality dazed him.

There was not a word spoken, not a whisper exchanged between any of the arrivals; even the babes voiced no cry of pain or gurgle of pleasurable emotion. There seemed to be a complete apathy or insensibility of any one personality with regard to the presence or condition of any other in the gathering. Graves was puzzled.

He came at last before the patriarch, and murmured his name in response to some inward prompting. He was told to swing over the brink as those had done who had preceded him.

"But why?" said he.

"This is death!" replied the patriarch, as he took the name of a beautiful woman and then that of a general in full uniform who was just behind her.

"What?" ejaculated the amazed young man.

"This is death!" calmly replied the registrar, and he again wrote the names of several. One of them wore garments of fine linen, one the tawdry garb of the slums.

"Does everyone die in this way?" asked Graves. It was so different from what he had imagined it would be.

"Yes!"

"Kings and queens, and great generals, laborers and paupers, sick women and tender babies?"

"Yes!"

"But," went on the bewildered young man, "I was always taught that at death there was a classification made—"

"There is a switch on the cable in the mist below," answered the gravely majestic figure. "There it is known where each is to go and there are no mistakes when the paths divide."

Graves pondered. More people passed him. The procession seemed endless. Back in the throng he saw a Chinaman—it was the same one who had occupied the bed next to him in Jefferson Hospital.

"Well," said he, and there was no

fear in his heart as he spoke, "if fragile babies and gentle ladies, brave generals, criminals and saints must all go through the same procedure, I guess it is good enough for me."

He reached out his hand for the pendant rope. The Chinaman stepped in front of him, jerked it from his fingers, and swung over the cliff.

He looked around. The hospital walls stared at him. It was midnight and very still. Kennedy and the nurse bent over the bed next to his. They were putting a screen around it. He raised feebly on his elbow to see better and noticed that he was perspiring freely. The nurse turned to him.

"Don't make any noise, Mr. Graves. The Chinaman is just going over the river!"

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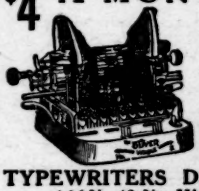

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